

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



GENERAL LIBRARY
MAY 24 1912
UNIV. OF MICH

Dramatic

Number

Why we lead the world in lubrication.

Words and claims—no matter how oily—won't lubricate your car.

Your business sense asks:

"Who made the oil?"

We will sketch briefly the experience behind the oils recommended below.

Power-engineers all over the world recognize the authoritative leadership of the Vacuum Oil Company.

From Stockholm to Cape Town, from New York to Shanghai, leading manufacturing plants depend on our Gargoyle brand lubricants.

We supply 75% of the world's battleships, most of the ocean greyhounds, and practically every aeroplane in active use. Outside of the American market, we furnish lubricants to over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

Such buyers show small interest in words and claims, or price per gallon.

They select an oil for only one reason—because it gives more and better lubrication *per dollar expended*.

That necessitates both the right *quality* of oil and the correct *grade* for the purpose.

The success of Gargoyle Mobiloils with American and foreign automobilists is due to exact manufacturing methods.

Before making our recommendations, we analyzed the construction of every American car and practically every foreign make.

That was not easy. But correct lubrication is not an easy problem.

Different makes of automobile motors differ widely. Several distinct grades of lubricating oil were needed.

We produced these oils, distilling and filtering them to remove free carbon.

The various grades were given the following names:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

Below you will see listed the correct grade of oil for 111 makes of automobiles—for both Summer and Winter.

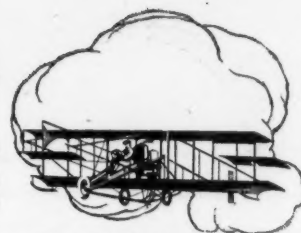
Space limits the list of cars. On request we will supply our more complete list with recommendations.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are put up in barrels, half-barrels, in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans. All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

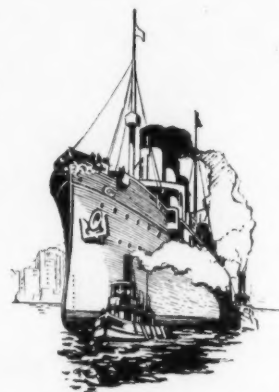
They are handled by the higher class garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, U. S. A.

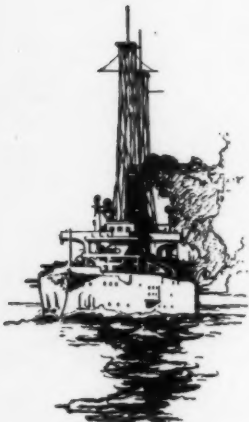
Distributing Warehouses in the Principal Cities of the World.



We supply lubricants to practically every aeroplane in active use.



We supply lubricants to the leading ocean steamship companies all over the world.



We supply lubricants to the navies of the world's leading naval powers.



We supply lubricants to leading manufacturing plants in every quarter of the globe.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alco	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
American	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Austin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Brush (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (1 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cartercar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chadwick	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chase	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Croton-Keeton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Belleville	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Elmore	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
E. M. F.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Flanders	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gramm-Logan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hewitt (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Interstate	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Italia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel-Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Knox	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lambert	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lozier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mack	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Matheson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil
A grade for each type of motor.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Maxwell (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercor	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Minerva Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Panhard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Panhard Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pennsylvania	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pope Hartford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Royal Tourist	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Speedwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stanley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Thomas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Walter	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Welch	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Gas)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White (Steam)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

The Stearns-Knight Car

The 10,000 Leading Cars

The greatest cars in the world now have Knight-type engines in them. There are more than 10,000 running.

They are made by 17 famous makers, including Daimler, Merce-

des, Panhard, Minerva and Stearns.

They are owned by men who demand the best, including Royalty.

This new-type engine—the coming type—deserves the attention of men who buy high-grade cars.

The Engines Discarded

Note the old-type engines which were discarded in adopting this Knight-type motor.

Daimler is the leading car of England. From the first it has represented all that is best in motoring. It is the car of Royalty.

The Mercedes engine was widely considered the master engine of the world.

Panhard for long has dominated motordom in France. Minerva has done so in Belgium.

And the Stearns engine, for 16 years, proved itself a marvelous motor.

All these famous engines—the pride of great engineers—have been supplanted by the Knight.

Can anyone suppose that lesser engines, made with poppet valves, can refuse to yield for long?

seat, and there is vast waste of power. On this account, the valves require frequent grinding.

Carbon never interferes with the Stearns-Knight valves. These valves never leak—never need grinding.

This economy of power continues as long as the engine lasts, and it means an enormous item.

The Knight-type engine, because of these features, holds the Scottish Economy Trophy. Also the Dewar Trophy.

Pride of Ownership

The owner of a Stearns-Knight knows that no man ever owned a better car.

The Czar of Russia owns a Knight-motored car. So does the Emperor of Germany. So do the Kings of England, Belgium, Spain.

So do 10,000 men on both sides the Atlantic who demand the best the world can offer in their pleasure cars.

This new-type engine marks the greatest advancement made in ten years in motor car engineering.

And never was it worked out better than in the Stearns-Knight. Mr. Knight himself has testified to that. He has himself bought a Stearns-Knight car, and has taken it to Europe to show engineers there.

Men who like to lead—who enjoy up-to-dateness—are the buyers of Stearns-Knight cars.

These cars represent the coming type. What Europe adopts in motor car engineering is bound to be adopted by all leaders here. But the pride of ownership comes to the men who are first in these innovations.

The Luxury

Of Silence—of Persistent Over-Power

The most apparent attraction in the Stearns-Knight is its absolute silence.

It is silent at the curb—silent at any speed—silent after years of use. Knight-type engines which have run for six years are as silent as when new.

The engine is so silent that the car must be built with marvelous care to be as quiet as the motor.

There are no valves to spring shut—no cams to get noisy—no timing gears to hum.

The car shows immense flexibility—as much as six cylinders of the old type.

There is no evidence of effort, even on a hill.

And the Stearns-Knight engine shows that persistent power for which electric motors are famous.

The Economy

Of Valves that Never Clog or Leak

We guarantee the Stearns-Knight to show an excess of power—at least 50 per cent over its rating, based on old-type motors.

This is due to the fact that the valves don't leak. Also to spherical explosion chamber.

Where the ordinary engine shows less power with use, the Stearns-Knight shows increasing power. This has been proved by elaborate tests.

Carbon accumulates in a poppet valve motor. Then the valves don't

The Stearns-Knight car means new enjoyment in motoring.

Hundreds of men who bought last fall have driven their Stearns-Knights thousands of miles. And their letters show increasing enthusiasm.

You can't resist joining them when you know the facts.

Write us for our books on the Knight-type. There is nothing so interesting in motor car literature.

Then see the car at our local deal-

er's. Let him take you for a ride. Note how the car seems to glide on the road—to roll like a rubber ball.

The Stearns-Knight car will win you when you find it out. Its charm is irresistible.

Send us this coupon for the books—now before you forget it.

Equipment

- Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
- Banker Windshield.
- Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
- Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System
- Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two extra rims).
- Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn.
- Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.
- Touring Car
- Toy Tonneau
- Roadster

\$3,500

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY

Cleveland
Sixth City

Dealers and Branches in
125 Principal Cities

A New Enjoyment

Coupon

THE F. B. STEARNS CO.
Cleveland, Ohio 11-B

Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.

Name.....

Address.....



Rent 10 Months Then It's Yours!

This is the Offer That Has Astonished the Typewriter World! A stupendous and far reaching inducement to encourage the use of typewriters.

The Famous Model No. 3 Oliver

Visible Writer—fully equipped, just as perfect as though you paid cash—you get every perfection, every device, which ever went out with this model—you get all the extras, metal case, base-board, tools; instruction book, etc.—guaranteed flawless.

The machine with the type bars that strike downward—that has made the "write-in-sight" principle mechanically practical. It is so simple children learn to operate it in ten minutes. It is faster than the fastest expert—possesses phenomenal strength and durability.

No Cash Until You See It—until you try it in your home or office, then you make your decision—no salesman to influence or hurry you—if you keep it, you pay only one month's rent down; it will earn its own way thereafter.

Stop Paying in 10 Months—no interest—no chattel mortgage—no collectors—no publicity—no delay. Positively the best typewriter value ever given—the best selling plan ever devised.

If You Own a Typewriter Now—trade it in as part payment—we will be liberal with you. If you are renting an old typewriter, you will want to send it back when you see this one.

Send your name and address on coupon and we will tell you more about this unusual offer—more about this splendid typewriter—it won't cost you anything and you will be under no obligation—we won't send a salesman. Tear out the coupon now.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 O. D. N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

COUPON

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate (95)
166 O. D. N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Without placing me under any obligation, send further information of your typewriter offer.

Name

Address

My old machine is a No.



IS YOUR GLOVE STIFF?

Put a little "3 in One" oil on fingers and palm and the leather becomes soft and pliable at once. The ball will stick better and glove will last twice as long. "3 in One" makes base ball cover and stitches stronger and hold longer. It also prevents rust on mask, fasteners, etc. Not sticky or greasy.

FREE Write today for large free sample bottle and "3 in One" dictionary.

3 IN ONE OIL CO.
424 N. Broadway, New York.




WURLITZER FREE
WE SUPPLY THE U.S. GOVT

New Band Catalog

Just off the press. 200 pages. Thousands of illustrations and color plates. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices in the world. Easy payments. Write today.

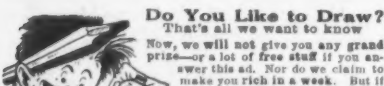
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
124 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 332 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago



EDUCATE YOUR LUNGS

Develop your chest. Learn how to breathe right. It means health, vigor and a clear brain. Send name and address, with One Dollar, for our series of breathing exercises. **THE MARCEL METHOD OF CORRECT BREATHING.**

Library Building, 57 Post Street, San Francisco



Do You Like to Draw?
That's all we want to know

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 4c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Ball Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 72

THIS business of refusing undesirable advertising that I have so often spoken of isn't such a very difficult thing after all.

In the first place most advertisers are really honest at heart and welcome the opportunity of getting into a paper where they will be associated with other honest advertisers.

The dishonest ones know by this time that Collier's won't have them, so we are not bothered much by them.

This doesn't mean, however, that we assume every new advertiser to be honest, just because he does try to get his message into Collier's.

On the contrary, every new advertising proposition is carefully scrutinized and accepted only when it can be proved to be above question.

We maintain a never-ceasing watch—for the good of our readers, for the good of our accepted advertisers, and for the good of ourselves.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Ask the man who owns one



Back of the Packard "Six" is the most willing, the most expert and the most comprehensive service in the world

To meet any requirement of the fourteen thousand Packard cars on the road, more than one million dollars' worth of extra parts is carried in stock at the Packard factory and in dealers' establishments

We can supply any part for any Packard car ever sold. Complete service shops, separate from the main factory, make extra parts for all models

Each dealer co-operates closely with the Packard Motor Car Company in providing repair service and free technical attention. The work is carried on by experts trained in the Packard factory

THE DOMINANT "SIX"

The Packard "Six" has the fastest getaway—60 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start

The smoothest running motor and the easiest riding car, even at speeds from 60 to 70 miles an hour

The safest car to drive at high speed and the easiest to drive in traffic. The touring car, with a wheel-base of 133 inches, will turn around in a street 44 feet wide

The best hill climber. The greatest pulling power at all speeds

DEMONSTRATION ON ANY KIND OF A ROAD

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

—away with suspenders and belts



Learn "Hip-Fit" Comfort

Adopt the only practical and hygienic way of holding your trousers up.

Suspenders are uncomfortable—unequally—they drag—they make men stoop—they make them round shouldered—they tear off buttons. Belts are stiff—binding—unhealthy.

WEAR
Stanford "HIP-FIT"

The "invisible" trousers supporter entirely eliminates suspenders and belts—gives perfect comfort—perfect neatness—perfect bodily freedom at all times, under all circumstances. Can't slip. Can't bind. Can't work out of adjustment. Takes all weight and pressure off the shoulders. Has elastic over hips and back—yields to every movement—pressure gentle and evenly distributed; acts as an abdominal support. Sanitary—cool—serviceable. Thousands in use, all giving perfect satisfaction—no boy or man will wear suspenders or belts after wearing a "Hip-Fit." If your tailor or dealer cannot supply you, send waist measure taken snugly above hips under trousers, accompanied by money order for \$1, and we will promptly fill your order.



Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

For men with large protruding abdomen requiring more than ordinary support, we make a combination trouser and stomach supporter. Price \$1.50.

Hip-Fit Mfg. Co.
60 M Grand St., New York
Tailors, Dealers, and Side Line Salesmen are invited to write us.

Cyclists and Motorcyclists:



the best way to ensure safety is to have your machine fitted with a

Corbin Coaster Brake

It means Confidence, Reliability and Control—especially in traffic and when coasting.

If you are riding a bicycle, or intend to purchase one, insist on the Corbin Brake.

Any bicycle repair shop can fit it to the hub of your machine.

For sale by bicycle and hardware dealers everywhere.

Send for free catalog describing all models

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION
Division of The American Hardware Corporation
Licensed Coaster Brake Manufacturers
202 High Street New Britain, Conn.



VICTOR

The Victor is wonderful value at \$25.00, guaranteed to be fully up to the high standard established by manufacturers years ago, when high-grade bicycles were sold at from \$50.00 to \$100.00.

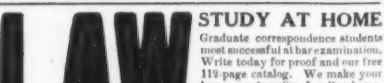
\$25 A High Quality BICYCLE

Guaranteed for one year. In sizes for men and boys, women and young girls. Not a cheap product, but a high-grade bicycle at a remarkably low price.

Send for complete catalog No. V-4, which gives full details and illustrations.

Victor Bicycles can be purchased through dealers in many towns. If there is a Victor dealer in your town, we can give you his name. If not, we will ship the Victor, freight prepaid, if \$25.00 accompanies order.

NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO., 15 & 17 Warren St., New York
We have interesting proposition for dealers.



LAW STUDY AT HOME

Graduate correspondence students meet successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and our free 112-page catalog. We make your home a university. Leading home-study law course in America. Our own modern text—prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges—Harvard, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. A law business law. We guarantee to coach free a graduate failing to pass any bar exam.


LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 3265, Chicago, Ill.



University of Wisconsin
SUMMER SESSION 1912

250 Courses in Graduate School, Law School, Colleges of Letters and Science, Engineering, Agriculture. Opens June 24, closes August 2, except Law School (August 30). Favorable Climate—Lakeside Advantages. Fee \$15, except Law, \$25. For illustrated bulletin address,

REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY, MADISON, WIS.



The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY

Offers 250 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.



Stewart Speedometer

The perfect speed and distance measure—a beauty in appearance, a marvel in accuracy.

Speedometers that cost more than the *Stewart* are priced high—not because they are better—but only because they are fewer; the extra price doesn't represent value—it only means a smaller output.

The *Stewart* volume of business is enormous. Four out of every five Speedometers in use are *Stewarts*.

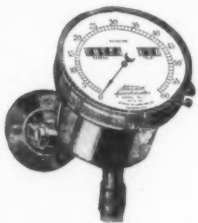
The *Stewart* is the best speedometer that can be made, and it is sold at a minimum price. Other makers cannot supply a comparable instrument at double the price.

An absolute necessity on every car

Stewart Speedometers save you from arrest and accidents—keep track of your season mileage—save you money on tire adjustments. Enable you to follow guide-book mileage when touring, and help you in many other ways to enjoy your car and operate it economically.

Guaranteed for Five Years

Magnetic principle, employed in 85 per cent of the speedometers in use. Slow moving parts, hardened and polished—no wear. Ball and jewel bearings; 100,000-mile season odometer; 100-mile trip register, can be set back to any tenth of a mile. Unbreakable flexible shaft, drop forged swivel joint; noiseless road wheel gears, an exclusive feature of the *Stewart* Speedometer.



Speedometers, \$15 to \$30

Rim Wind Clock Combinations, \$45 to \$70

WRITE FOR CATALOG

Stewart & Clark Mfg. Co.
1868 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago
Detroit Chicago San Francisco New York Boston
Cleveland Philadelphia Kansas City Los Angeles
Minneapolis Indianapolis London Paris

May 25

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
MAY 25, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX

NO 10

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary
JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer

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Cover Design	Drawn by Frank X. Leyendecker	
In the Star's Dressing Room. "Which?"	Drawn by C. J. Post	7
Editorials		8
News Photographs		10-11
The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges. II.—Harvard	Owen Johnson	12
Illustrated with Photographs		
The Southern Delegates. VI.—The Louisiana Delegation		15
Illustrated with a Cartoon by F. G. Cooper		
The Theatrical Year	Harrison Rhodes	16
Illustrated with Photographs		
"The Professor." Story	Charles Belmont Davis	18
Illustrated in Color by Wallace Morgan		
The Actor in the Audience. Story	Virginia Tracy	20
Illustrated in Color by David Robinson		
Indian Summer. Story	Arthur Stringer	22
Illustrated in Color by Jean Paleologue		
Oh! Happy Thought!		37
Gleams	Edwin Björkman	38

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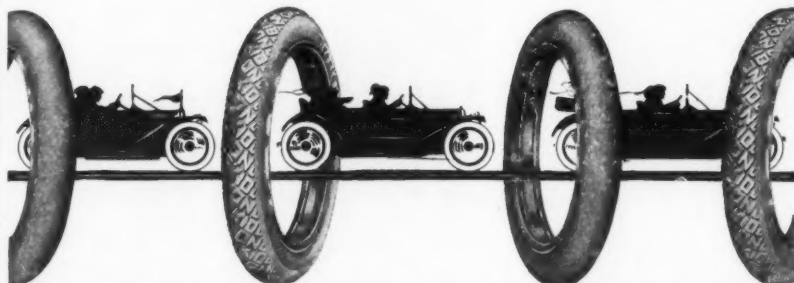
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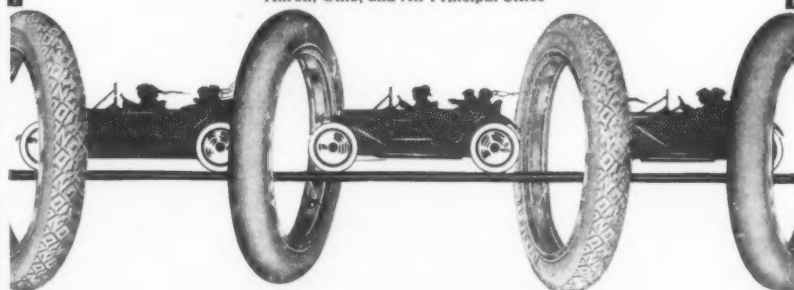
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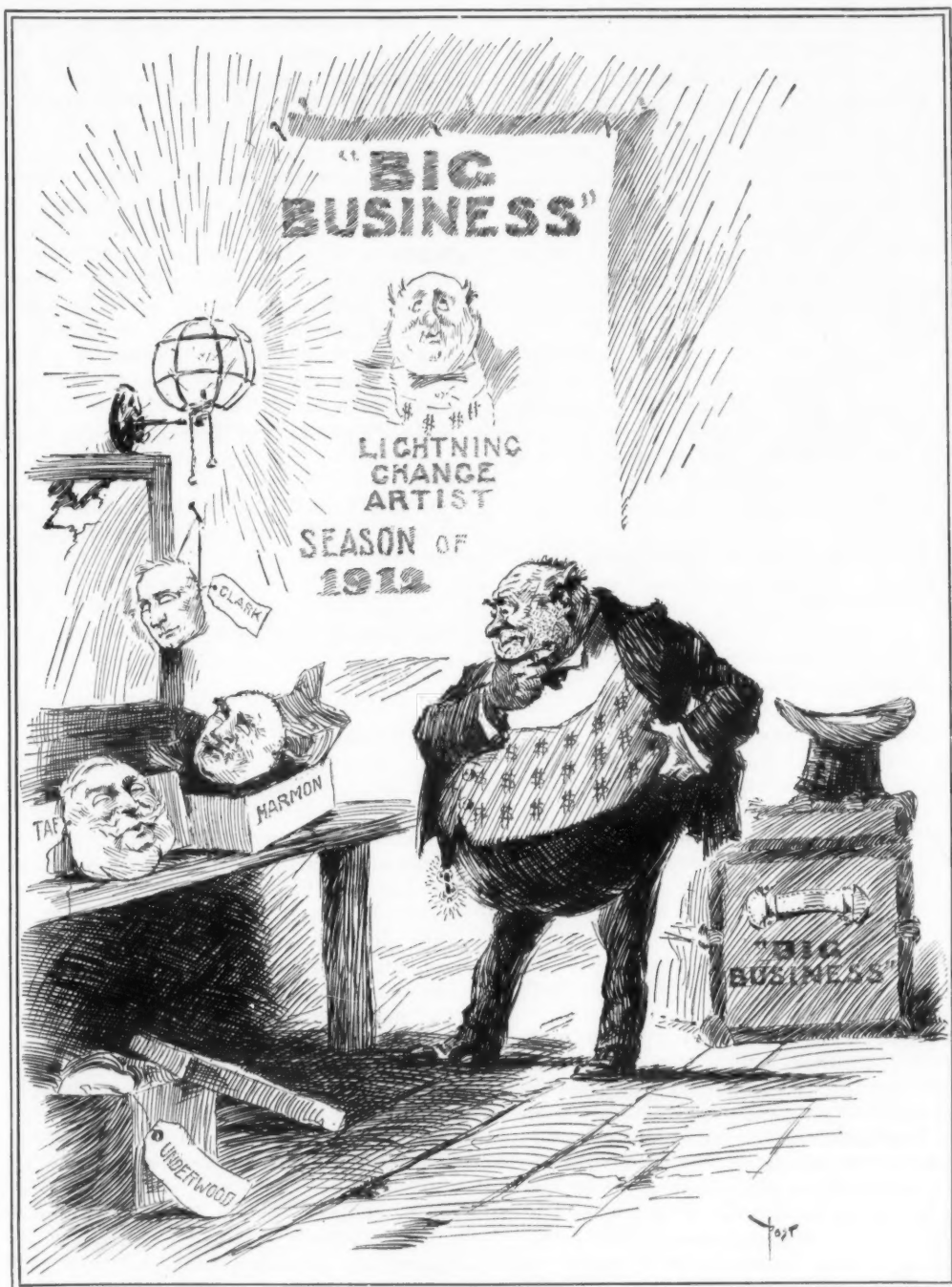


MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

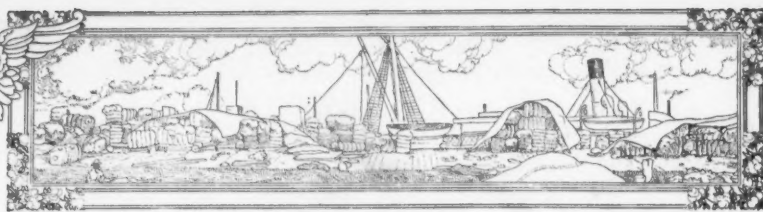
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



DRAWN BY C. J. POST

In the Star's Dressing Room

"Which?"



ALSORANDOLPH: DEFAMER AND SNOB

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST owns many newspapers and several magazines. His father got hold of millions of dollars, which go to WILLIAM, partly now, partly later. When he needs more money, he can get it, as he got it through HARRIMAN'S Wells-Fargo Bank at the time his San Francisco paper switched from HENNEY'S side to RUEF'S and CALHOUN'S. That his editorial policy has been induced by advertising gain is the least of his corruption. When he wants office, he knows how to fight for it, whether through advertising himself in his own papers, or through arrangement with such citizens as JOHN R. MCLEAN, on the basis of "You-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you." The vast power of publicity he uses in a series of deals and lies in the service of his personal ambition. If he turned overnight from praising HUGHES to coarse falsehoods against him, it was because he had decided to seek an office for which the people demanded HUGHES. If he is now supporting CHAMP CLARK, it is only to forward his own ambition as a possible dark horse (a view which he takes very seriously), or as a beneficiary if CLARK is nominated and elected. If he is using all the resources of his millions, his newspapers, and his magazines to slander WOODROW WILSON, it is because he sees in him the real menace to his plans—the man with whom he cannot deal, and the man who would be nominated by the Democrats if it were not for the machines, the corporations, and WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. In the Republican party the hold of ROOSEVELT on the masses is so strong that the power of the bosses is being crushed. In the Democratic party nobody has an overwhelming popularity except BRYAN, and he has but a small chance of carrying New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, or Ohio against any Republican except the President. Unless the Democrats wish to become definitely the Conservative party, by nominating some good man of the type of UNDERWOOD, the only sensible choice is WILSON. The person most active in exploiting reasons to the contrary is WILLIAM ALSORANDOLPH. His latest diatribe is in the May number of that one of his magazines which bears his honored name. As this article contains all the mud HEARST has been able to discover, it is worth reading, just to show what there is:

1. In dropping the name "THOMAS" and being content with "WOODROW," Mr. WILSON was guilty of pose.
2. In going to Davidson College he was guilty of "Presbyterian piety."
3. In Princeton he stood only forty-first in a class of one hundred and twenty-two. Therefore he was "neither distinguished nor extinguished."
4. In college he read "The Gentleman's Magazine." The name is played with, with the obvious easy trickery, the confiding reader not being told that it contained much of the solidest political thought of the time.
5. He read and recited the speeches of BURKE.
6. His father, although a Confederate, did not collect a lot of Confederate currency, preferring to keep his property in a solid form that could be sold.
7. WILSON sang in the college glee club, serenading beautiful maidens who wished he would go away and let them sleep. [We follow the argument literally.] This is called his "mocking-bird period."
8. While teaching at Bryn Mawr he shaved off his mustache and thus shook the hearts of the girls. [Again we quote literally.] It is also stated that when the mustache was on it captivated the girls. The attack works either way.
9. As president of Princeton, WILSON drew \$8,000 a year and had a row. Not a word to show that the row was the result of his determination to make the college democratic.
10. The Carnegie pension matter. The writer who is now expressing the regular Hearst policy of persecuting WILSON does not question that President WILSON'S motives were "pure," but adds: "I confess that I cannot see how he brought himself to do it"; because CARNEGIE'S money is tainted. This from HEARST, who takes money from quacks, gamblers, defrauders of the poor; and from LEWIS, who takes money from HEARST.
11. He has changed his views on direct government. In this connection HEARST reprints what he said in his diatribe in the paper of his friend MCLEAN: "The constant intrusion of certain pieces of silver into the career of our modern convert is more suggestive of a JUDAS than a ST. PAUL." There is no dirtier owner of power in the world than HEARST. He loves the word "JUDAS"—he of the Hughes overnight change, the Harriman deal in California, the sale of editorials, the poisoning and defrauding of the poor, the tricky and dishonorable methods of the Star Corporation.
12. The same quotations about WASHINGTON and other historical figures, and about immigration, that have done service all winter.

ALSORANDOLPH'S papers contain the most nauseating devotion to every item about the rich, and nothing excites them so much as a "royal accent." HEARST is a snob for money, a defamer for profit. His mere wealth,

enabling him to purchase numberless newspapers and magazines, gives him a mighty power, which he uses every year more relentlessly for his personal ambition. Now CLARK is his beneficiary, WILSON his obstacle and therefore the target of his dirt. Next time his beneficiary will be whoever then seems likely to help him to an office; his victim will be whoever seems likely to get what the slimy publisher desires.

A SINGLE TERM

WAS IT BECAUSE Mr. TAFT decided to sign the pension bill that the agitation against more than one term for any President was begun in Congress? No, nor was it because of Mr. TAFT'S personal management in corraling and compelling officeholders. Singularly enough, the sudden howl comes not from those who are worried by seeing the President subdue his convictions and modify his actions from the desire for reelection. It comes from those who are alarmed because an outsider, a man who once voluntarily laid down the Presidency, has received so loud a call back from the people that, thanks to the existence of modern primaries in part of the States, he is able to meet the actual President on equal terms and overcome the power of patronage. The arguments which led GEORGE WASHINGTON to disapprove sharply of the single-term idea are sound to-day. As WASHINGTON indicated, if we are such asses that we can't be trusted to manage our President, we might as well go to perdition anyway. The real danger, as WASHINGTON also pointed out, was to be found elsewhere. That danger, from the distortion of partisanship, is at present being rapidly diminished. The Southern Republican delegates will by 1916 have ceased to be the absolute property of the Administration. Presidential-preference primaries will by 1916 have gone so far as to take the nominations out of the hands of the machines. When selection of a nominee by inside ringsters was at its height little was heard of a law preventing more than one term. Now that the ring method is about ended, and conditions have almost been brought about whereby the people themselves can choose, we hear a great cry of danger, demagogue, and single term. It is a joke.

CONDUCT

ARCHIE BUTT might have pleaded that he was a passenger. Instead of that he chose to die. The band argued nothing; it played until the end.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?

The memory of these men will be strengthening the fiber of posterity when this little time of ours has retreated far into history.

THE WHITE SHIP

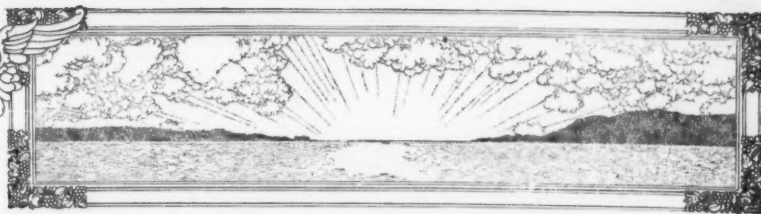
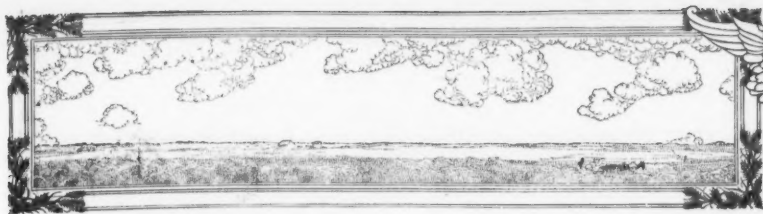
THE AGE OF CHIVALRY is supposed to be that age when young men dressed themselves up in armor and pounded one another with lances and swords. It is perhaps well to recall the story of the White Ship, which, in the year 1120, carried to England the grandson of the Norman conqueror. This ship was captained by the son of the man who had steered across the conqueror himself. The ship sank. There was only one lifeboat. The young prince was put in that, to be rowed away. His sister screamed. He put back, to save her also. So many leaped into the boat from the sinking ship that all were drowned except one butcher, who clung to the mast. The passengers on this ship were 140 picked and noble knights, guarding the person of their future king. The passengers and officers on the *Titanic* were ordinary citizens, doing the best they could.

OUR TIMES

IN MOST PERIODS of history people in old age or middle life talk about the good old days. Now the usual remark to hear is: "These are most interesting times we live in." It is not that human nature has changed. It is that the period actually is of exceptional interest—much more interesting than any other era since the Civil War. The reasons are to be found in the discovery of the motive power of steam, the invention of machinery, the consequent spread of communication and increase of production, and the universal education by common schools, newspapers, and cheap books. The whole view of life has changed. Listen to the gentle irony of this:

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

What STEVENSON puts into a child's mouth, with so deft a sarcasm, has for a background the class judgments of all history, when the consequences of mere advantage in wealth have been constantly seen as moral or intellectual superiority.



CANDOR

VICTOR BERGER says he is going back to Congress because he likes his job. Socialism is a new movement, full of honesty and vigor, and telling the truth is a habit frequently discovered among its leaders.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

IF ANYBODY THINKS this is an exposure of plagiarism, he is mistaken. It is merely an illustration of literary minds running in the same channel, and of thinkers thinking the same good things by nature. As the footlights go up and the orchestra turns loose its appropriate sounds, ALEXANDER POPE gets off the following on his fellow poets:

They ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure return of still expected rimes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees";
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."

POPE bows and holds up his hand for applause. He gets it, for centuries, and deserves it. Nothing daunted, however, side partner WALT MASON steps forward and thus continues the spiel:

And when we've written "sunlit leas," we have our choice of trees and bees, and breeze and sneeze, and fleas and cheese, and sundry other words like these. . . . Of course we ring in babbling streams, which brings us round to twilight dreams; and then, as inspiration steams, we reach for themes and schemes and beams. . . . The same old birds on joyous wing, the same old harp, the same old string!

This second turn catches the audience to-day even more than the first, though it bears no such title as "An Essay on Criticism," and runs for only a couple of dozen lines instead of several hundred. WALT MASON's verse is full of thought and full of spirit, and its popularity is all deserved.

QUIET STANDARDS

SCATTERED all over the country are small newspapers making for progress, frequently at real sacrifice. We have been noticing the "Mail" of Marmarth, North Dakota. The town has only a thousand population, yet this weekly refuses all quack and patent-medicine advertising, and thereby turns down considerable money. The Billings County Medical Society has been working hard to get the rest of the newspapers in the vicinity to follow this example. The temptation for a small paper in the country to carry any advertising that is offered is great, and one that breaks away is correspondingly deserving. A doctor, writing to us from North Dakota, observes:

We physicians will be very glad when Secretary WILSON leaves the Government service, also MCCABE and DUNLAP. Maybe then we can get the Pure Food Law enforced or get the Owens Bill through.

The prospects for immediate improvement along health lines in Government control are, in the immediate future, none too good, but public education and private character are constantly forcing progress.

AT HOME IN UTAH

A NEW IDEA in State celebrations was that inaugurated on April 25 when Utah had her first Utah Day. The purpose was not to commemorate any anniversary but to give an hour of serious consideration, in all the public schools, from the primary to the Agricultural College, to the resources of the State. It was a day for stock taking, as it were, in order that the boys and girls might see that no one need leave the State to gain wealth or prominence. This counting up of the State's many blessings was asked for by the State Development League, an association recently formed to find out why Utah had had a gain of only 39.9 per cent in population at the last census. The speaker at the State Agricultural College at Logan presented some astounding figures. As leader of the college extension work, he had lectured to all the farmers of the State for years and had penetrated to every valley and corner. He argued that if the Utah people would stay at home and get help they could make their State a second Pennsylvania for coal and iron, beat Maine and Colorado in raising potatoes, and the Middle West in the production of wheat; that Utah's coal fields are more extensive than those of any other State and her iron deposits large enough to feed the Pittsburgh furnaces for one hundred years; that she has a solid salt field of 360 square miles, fourteen feet deep; that at Bingham is a mountain of copper where the steam shovels take out daily 15,000 tons of ore; and that her 360 irrigation canals represent a capitalization of thirty millions, and make possible a great agricultural State at an average yearly cost of only thirty cents per acre. A State day on home resources would do everybody good, whether in little Delaware or mighty Texas. How many school children in Massachusetts have definite data on the Cape Cod Canal or the possibility of

raising better apples in New England than in Oregon? How many in Louisiana know that they have over 5,000 miles of inland navigable waterways in their State, and that they should have the cheapest freight rates in the Union? Iowa school children will do well to think twice before they let their parents trek with them to the Canadian Northwest.

THE OTHER SIDE

OF COURSE the people of any State must work to get the best of their resources, and must protect themselves. Take Utah for an example and you will see that no man need rush West to claim any get-rich-quick rewards. The fine coal deposits lie some forty feet under the pasture-land surfaces. The railroad coal companies bored down at intervals over two counties, and wherever they found good coal they hired homesteaders and grabbed the land. Coal doubled in price as their hold tightened, and to-day the railroad rate on the coal for the 100-mile haul to Salt Lake is a scandal. It is just four and a half times as great as the rate on lime rock, hauled the same distance in the same cars in the same trains to Friend GUGGENHEIM's smelters, to be used as a flux. The salt is there, but so also is a Salt Trust. Some engineers of the Western Pacific laying the line found the salt. They figured they could scoop it up for about ten cents the ton. The Salt Trust, which gets about seven dollars a ton for salt costing less than fifty cents a ton to mine, let the engineers know that every place they started to put that salt on the market the price of salt would drop to about five cents a ton. Utah's iron deposits are, as we have said, remarkable, but years ago the Steel Trust looked the fields over and grabbed a lease on them, so that there they lie, miles from any railroad; they just lie and lie. At Bingham Cañon, where the copper is just scooped up, it is all scooped into a Guggenheim shovel. A dozen years ago, before the Guggenheim grip was made fast upon the smelting field, it cost about \$48 per ton to haul copper bullion from Salt Lake to New York. And for wool, produced under about the same relationship with the railroads, the rate was about \$48 per ton also. But as the railroad lobby began to be hard pressed in Washington it needed aid and comfort from the power of GUGGENHEIM. The dickering that resulted brought an immediate effect on the bullion rate. To-day the rate on wool, produced and possessed by a fairly large number of people, is still \$48. But the rate of bullion has dropped until it is only \$12 per ton. The Guggenheims are about the only shippers. So about all the people of Utah have to do with their fine copper deposits is to watch a large army of Greek, Austrian, Hungarian, and Italian laborers—living in company-owned villages—scoop it up and pass the profits along. How long will the System last?

A NEW FIELD

WOMEN are steadily becoming associated with more kinds of work. They are doing men's work, and sometimes they are doing men's work which men cannot do. A bank has sent this notice to its patrons:

The number of women who have bank accounts at our — — office has increased so rapidly, and their business has become of so great importance to this institution, that we have placed women paying and receiving tellers on the second floor, for the greater convenience and comfort of women depositors who may prefer to transact their banking business in rooms devoted solely to their own use.

Slow is the industrial adjustment, but it comes. There must be work for all women, and some day the work of bearing and rearing children will in some way receive a living wage in cash.

AT FIRST SIGHT

ONE OF THE MANY subjective sorrows of adolescence is loneliness, and a sense of comradeship is especially dear to the young. To the youth of this restless generation, who has perhaps spent four years or more trying feverishly to find sympathy in the broad and peaceful traditions of an academic education, or who comes from the too unvaried place of the hamlet where he was born, the first glimpse of the towers and pinnacles of New York City is like the sudden revelation of an unsuspected friend. East of the Rocky Mountains there is perhaps nothing quite so magnificent. Long, yearning lines mingle with the square and horizontal; the spirit of the city, instead of prostrating itself before the immensity of its own creation, stands with eyes and hands reaching heavenward. The people, like their shops and dwelling houses, grope upward. They walk quickly, heads erect. From the little immigrant who longs for a Harlem flat and a willow plume to the social worker with eyes farseeing, their faces are skyward. Ancient customs and dear traditions go down, as the landmarks vanish from the market place, and there is sad wreckage, human as well as structural, cluttering the streets; but a civilization, like an individual, is judged not by its failures or successes, but by that to which it aspires. What it is we are aiming at who knows, but the spirit of the city, like the spirit of the age, is aspiration.



The Arrest of a Taxicab Bandit

Bonnot, the leader of France's terrible band of automobile bandits, was sheltered in the last days of the chase by Gouzy, above the latter's little market at Ivery. It is the face of Gouzy, hideous in its rage and defiance, which glares from the photograph, taken at the moment of his arrest. Bonnot himself shot detective Jouin, who had seized him, and escaped—to be trailed to the garage where he was killed



A Turkish Battery Destroyed by Italian Artillery Fire

All that is left of a Turkish battery, dismantled by Italian cannon in the battle of Bengasi. The superior artillery practice of the Italians has been shown repeatedly. The Italians also have developed aerial warfare, and much destruction has been wrought by bombs dropped from aeroplanes. The Turks, however, have thus far prevented the threatened general Italian advance



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The Cyclone

This remarkable photograph of an approaching cyclone was taken at Ponca City, Oklahoma, April 25. The revolving funnel-shaped cloud is nature's cyclone trademark; the funnel comes lower and lower until it reaches the ground, where it mows a path sometimes only a few rods but often miles wide. At Ponca the entire west half of the city was blown away, making one hundred families homeless



The annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans was held at Macon, Georgia, May 8. The invitation of the Grand Army of the Republic to have a joint meeting of that organization with the Confederate armies at Gettysburg next July was accepted



A partial view of the First International Aeronautical Exhibition, held at Grand Central Palace, New York, May 9 to 18. Many well-constructed aircraft and aero motors were shown, and the attendance was such as to indicate a large public interest



With its marble surfaces the private swimming pool at Westmorley has a Roman luxuriousness

THE SOCIAL USURPATION OF OUR COLLEGES

II.—Harvard

By OWEN JOHNSON



I HAVE begun my examination with Harvard, first because of its undoubted intellectual preeminence, second because its problem is peculiarly the problem of the education of that social class which fortunately or unfortunately largely selects it, and lastly because while it shows in the most objectionable form the results of social segregation, it is alive to its own deficiencies and generously concerned in overcoming them. Its late history is a courageous and broad-minded record for re-

form, working in all lines. To the effort of graduates, particularly Mr. Henry L. Higginson of Boston, is due The Harvard Union, which provides a college clubhouse, with all social attributes, to whosoever chooses to pay its nominal dues. From its scope it has rapidly become the pivot of undergraduate activities. The university authorities, aware of the evils of separation and luxury which result from private buildings, are actively developing the idea of Freshman dormitories. Finally among the undergraduates themselves has been a long roll of exceptionally democratic leaders, who have struggled vigorously for class unity and a broader conception of class association.

AN IRONCLAD BOSTON HIERARCHY

LET us likewise admit the disadvantages under which Harvard must labor. It receives every year a predestined quota from the small fashionable schools which increasingly are becoming the property of social sets. These boys are sent to school not to be formed by contact with representatives of all levels of life, but to herd with their own kind. They enter Harvard with a strongly developed sense of selection and they continue steadfast in this protective social theory. Above all Harvard has to deal with the intricate problems of Boston society, which has come to regard it as a social tributary. Boston, unlike any other city of its rank, exclusively patronizes but one university. The dominant social set, inheritors of Puritan and scholarly traditions, is so defensively organized to resist invasion that it has even organized, for the proper classification of its debutantes, a sewing circle on the lines of the most rigorous college society. There are many exceptions, individuals of force and catholic sympathies whose names are familiar in Harvard history, but the great mass of representatives of Boston society who enter Harvard have been shielded from rude outer contact, herded together and follow blindly their well-

fenced course through Harvard and back into the fold from which they emerged. Individually they are clean, honest, winning types of aristocrats and their snobbishness is not personal, or even conscious but simply an inheritance. Allied to this ironclad hierarchy is a somewhat similar set from New York City. The two elements amalgamate at fashionable boarding schools and between them the control of the most exclusive Harvard clubs is amazingly complete.

THE SACRED ALOOFNESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THEY do not come to college with any eager desire to seek friendships but rather instinctively regarding with suspicion those who approach them. I am inclined to believe that it is this socially dominant group which has imposed on the whole university that strange theory of the sacred aloofness of the individual which, while less to-day, in the past has been the astonishment of other colleges. At Yale and Princeton the first obligation of the Freshman is to go out and meet his classmates; no introduction is considered essential. At Harvard, on the contrary, no such advice is given: a man may go through college without speaking to members of his own division, in some cases to those in the same row with him. So inflexible has been this custom that many men from the West, coming to Harvard unknown and eager for companionship, becoming disillusioned and overcome with utter loneliness, have preferred to leave.

A Western graduate, talking with a representative Harvard undergraduate about ten years ago, expressed his surprise at this excess of formality and was met with equal surprise at his point of view.

"But you don't mean to say you would speak to anyone in your division, whether you knew anything about him or not," said the Harvard man with sincerity.

"Yes, I'm afraid I would," said the Westerner with an appearance of reflection; "why not?"

"But suppose he took advantage of it?" was the characteristic answer.

These are excessive examples and yet despite much individual effort at reform, this same spirit of defensive formalism exists as it should not exist. And as I said, I believe it is the superimposed note of the social sets of Boston and New York that dominate the social tone. The establishment of Freshman dormitories, if made compulsory, would effectually change what is now contrary to the best progressive Harvard spirit.

THE PRIVATE DORMITORY AND THE AUTOMOBILE

ANOTHER great drawback which must be admitted in all fairness is the opportunity for luxury which comes from causes natural and difficult to control. First, due to the former inadequacy of the campus buildings, a series of luxurious private dormitories has sprung up outside the college confines, from which has been evolved a peculiar social system. Second, the intro-

duction of the automobile has further transformed the simplicity of life; third, the conjunction of Cambridge and Boston has made opportunities for extravagance to those so inclined, while the socially elect enter Boston society as they enter college. All these factors introduce a scale of living that makes possible the spending of any allowance and no exposition of Harvard could be fair without due acknowledgment of the elements of difficulty which it must encounter in its social problem.

The Harvard social system at the first glance seems the most elastic of those in vogue. The multiplicity of clubs and societies is bewildering as well as a serious item of expense to a man of popularity. A recent Harvard graduate told me that in his senior year he was paying dues to as many as fourteen!

The tendency at Harvard has been twofold, a development away from fraternities into clubs of purely local significance which has been seen in the transformation and loss of identity of Alpha Delta Phi, Zeta Psi, and D. K. E.; and, secondly, in the classifying of a confusion of clubs into the orderly progressive steps of social advancement which is called the pyramidal system.

AT THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID

AT THE top are the seven coveted final clubs, which in the last decade have developed from the two best known, A. D. and Porcellian. Their membership is small, rarely exceeding fifteen to a class in one club and sometimes being as low as six.

Below these final clubs are four larger intermediary



The Hasty Pudding Club



Claverly and Westmorley—two of the dormitories on the Gold Coast—purely private monuments of the caste feeling of Boston and New York

clubs, called "feeders" with a total membership of about eighty.

Below the feeder is the Institute of 1770, which confers its membership in ten series of tens, the first eight forming a secret organization called The Dickey, which controls the elections of the succeeding class.

THE SOCIAL CAREER OF A POPULAR MAN

UP TO recently there also existed two Freshmen clubs, called the Polo and the Racquet. They were more or less convivial and snobbish and their abolishment is distinctly to the credit of the undergraduate spirit, led by the representatives of Groton, who wisely bonded together and decided not to enter them.

The social career of a popular man, then, would be to be taken out among the first ten of the Institute in the fall of Sophomore year, to make the Sphinx or the Kalumet in the winter or spring and to receive his election to A. D. or Porcellian or one of the other final clubs, sometime between Sophomore and Senior year. The final clubs, unlike the Yale Senior Societies, have no class lines, so that the first choice to Porcellian or A. D. from the Sophomore class find themselves in daily contact with Junior and Seniors, the leaders of the university.

The Hasty Pudding Club, a social organization for the production of burlesque, skits and comic operas, probably the best known of all college organizations, is still, despite a gradual loss of prestige the most democratic influence. Its membership is made up first of the pyramidal system, representatives of which except in rare cases enter by right, and secondly of such outsiders who by their worth and accomplishments become available.

The pyramidal system then is frankly in the control of the socially elect and those who measure up to the standard they impose.

Outside of this with an entirely different note of seriousness and character is the strong local chapter of Delta Upsilon, a nonsecret fraternity, of long standing. Pi Eta, the rival of the Hasty Pudding Club, likewise is formed of the elements which are not stamped as social sets. There exist also several chapters of college fraternities, but in their social effect they are unimportant.

CLOSED CLUB LIFE

THE Signet, a senior social club with a membership of intellectual distinction, to-day resembles the original spirit of Phi Beta Kappa. It has a clubhouse of great distinction and beauty, its members are chosen solely for their mental attainments, and the rise of the club to a position of social importance is another encouraging sign of progress.

The outward and excessive formula of secrecy has gradually disappeared at Harvard. An intimate friend may pronounce aloud the name of the various clubs, without producing a spasm of agony and offending beyond forgiveness.

Curiously enough though, while the juvenile outward mystification has been laughed out of existence, the Harvard clubs remain essentially secret. A member of a final or intermediary club retires into his building and disappears from the life of his companions. No undergraduate is admitted to the library where he lounges or to the table at which he takes his meals, nor after graduation is this ban removed—though anyone, who has not incurred the odium of having lived four years outside the pale, can be brought into the clubhouse on terms of social equality. In other words a graduate of Porcellian or A. D. returning to college with a graduate of Yale and a member of his own class

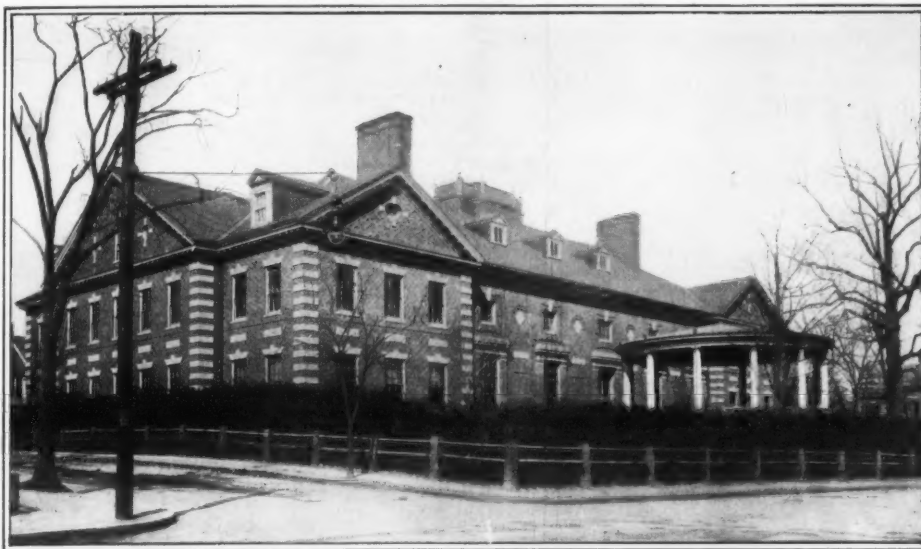
who may have achieved a distinguished career, is forced to separate from his own classmate, while he entertains at luncheon or dinner in his own clubhouse his friend from another university.

Outside this carefully built up defined system of social rating is another which starting from impersonal beginnings is gradually assuming the characteristics of the clubs themselves.

Within the last generation private capital has erected half a dozen luxurious dormitories outside the campus, which those of average means who room in the Yard, or campus, have christened the Gold Coast, or as it is more locally known The Auburn Street Crowd. Probably eighty per cent. of those who enter final clubs are chosen from this privileged group. So great at times has been the antagonism between the Yard and Auburn Street that only a few years ago the elections for class-day honors resulted for a while in an absolute split in the class.

BACK TO THE YARD MOVEMENT

RECOGNIZING the just foundation for such discord the next class under the broad-minded leadership of Lothrop Withington began a movement back to the Yard, in order that Senior year should be lived on the Campus in closer associations with the members of their own class from whom by theory they had been separated during the rest of their course. This voluntary movement has continued. It still retains its strength and its enthusiasm, due to the fact that the leaders in undergraduate life have still vivid before them their responsibility and opportunity for the harmony of the class. But it is a question how long this impulse will continue



The Harvard Union—built in recognition of the problem of the outsider

if the university is unwilling to make it obligatory. There is one natural method that suggests itself to justify such a display of authority: to put the question to three or four succeeding classes and discover if the aroused public opinion will not be so overwhelming as to justify the university in giving permanence to a movement that has had its natural inception from the undergraduates themselves.

INDIVIDUAL SELECTION

THE first amazing fact that is encountered in the examination of the life of the Gold Coast is that these purely private and commercially profitable dormitories, due to the strong caste feeling of Boston and New York, are not really open to the first-comer. In fact a close supervision is exercised over an application and many an applicant is refused a room, on the ground that he would not be congenial. So important is it considered for an undergraduate to enter the proper dormitory that quarters at Claverly and Randolph command higher prices than rooms in Dunster and Westmorley,

which have even a greater degree of seductive luxury, where often a popular leader is given a room at a liberal reduction in the desire to build up prestige.

Nothing quite so enervating or so utterly destructive of democratic vigor can be imagined than these dormitories built on a scale of outward magnificence which in some cases recalls the splendor of a Venetian palace.

SONS ARE GENTLY WAFED THROUGH HARVARD

BEAR in mind that in Germany and France at a similar period the sons of the favored classes, after a vigorous and thorough schooling, are made to serve one year of army training. They enjoy no special privileges, they are grouped without social distinction. They endure the same hardships, eat the same fare, sleep in the same rude quarters and take the democratic discipline with no more favors accorded them than to the sons of laborers and farmers in the same regiment. When they have ended their year of service they have learned more than the routine of military drill. They have been brought in the closest contact, on an equal footing with representatives of all the great elements of national life. They have perceived their points of view, experienced what the struggle of life will mean to the mass of their countrymen, and have learned what it is to stand on their own merits, where there is no other distinction but common manhood. So essential is this primal spirit of democracy now considered to the effectiveness of an army that in France, to-day, the student at St. Cyr (which corresponds to our West Point) is forced to serve one year as a common soldier as preparation for his effectiveness as an officer.

Compare this disciplinary experience to the training or lack of training which is given in irresponsible manner to the sons of well-to-do families who are gently wafed through Harvard. The now well-appointed but simple quarters in the Yard are shunned as an unnecessary hardship. They enter a dormitory on the Gold Coast, where they are as completely out of touch with the body of their class as though they attended another university.

LUXURY AND SPLENDOR

EVERYTHING is provided for their desires and to minimize the necessity of exhausting physical effort. At Dunster an elevator obligingly saves them the agony of toiling up fatiguing flights of stairs. Each room has its telephone service that enormously simplifies the problem of social intercourse. When they rise in the morning they go down to their own private swimming pool,

which, as at Westmorley, with its marble surfaces and elaborate scheme of decorating, with gracefully distributed plants and twin fireplaces, with comfortable wicker chairs to lounge in before agreeable fireplaces, has a Roman luxuriousness, admirably calculated to discontent them with the unimaginative expensiveness of the modern New York apartment house. Private squash courts, not too far removed from the swimming pools, exist to spare them the shock of the weather which would be met in going to a gymnasium for the exercise that is conducive to an agreeable appetite. Each dormitory has its uniformed servants on watch at the door—Buttons ready to receive a card on a tray or ready to run the minor annoying errands.

Add to this allowances that are subject to no control, automobiles à discrétion, meals taken in the sanctity of exclusive clubhouses, and the wonder is not at the increasing indifference of this class to anything that is vital and real in public life, but that any good should persist at all.

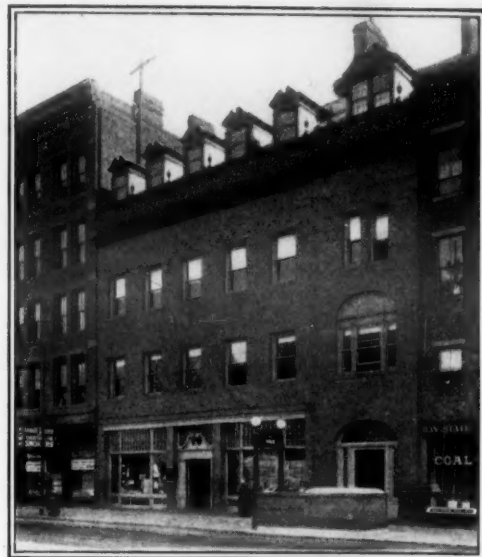
The extraordinary thing is that the university does



A. D. Club



Delta Upsilon Club



Porcellian Club

A member of a club retires into his building and disappears from the life of his companions

not intelligently perceive the opportunity, as well as the duty, it has here in dealing with a class which it rightfully inspired has in it such tremendous powers for national service. But nothing will ever be done until the university can perceive that the question of education to-day is not one simply of required attendance and scholastic marks, but of the wise supervision of the intimate daily life of the undergraduate—that there is no undergraduate problem that is not a problem of education in its broader sense. And that as the university must accept the responsibility it should assert its right to complete authority.

At Yale, a few years ago, the inception of a private dormitory system was immediately and effectively checked by faculty action, and college dormitories are increasing with the avowed object of bringing all academic students into university halls.

A REFORM MOVEMENT THAT FAILED

ABOUT a dozen years ago the social horizon was very different at Harvard. The Hasty Pudding Club, with a deliberate intention toward democracy, was still the moving force in the undergraduate life. A. D. and Porcellian were the only final clubs in existence, while their membership was exclusive and at times especially in the case of Porcellian inclined to a flagrantly extravagant and convivial standard, still the element was small, limited to a score in each class—the authority was still in the large and historic Hasty Pudding.

Dissatisfied and resentful of the importance attached to Porcellian and A. D., other clubs which had acted as feeders declared themselves independent and final, that is, bound their members to accept no election to any other competing club—from which has resulted five more final clubs, Alpha Delta Phi, Digamma, Zeta Psi, Delta Phi, and Phi Delta Psi, bringing up the final membership from a score to between seventy or eighty.

The movement, undoubtedly undertaken as a reform, shows at once the impossibility of modifying to good purposes a bad system, rooted in the twin errors of social segregation and imposed selection. The result has been to enormously increase the prestige of A. D. and Porcellian, and to overemphasize the failure of men to make a final group when membership is now so large. Where formerly men who had made the Institute and the Hasty Pudding were socially successful, to-day, unless they continue on and achieve membership in a final club, they rest a little under suspicion.

RETIRING INTO MUTUAL ADMIRATION

SO THIS genuine attempt at amelioration has resulted in only increasing the importance of the social progress and the fury of the contest while it has increased the tendency away from intermingling. A. D. and Porcellian, which might conceivably have developed more on the lines of the Skull and Bones Society at Yale as seeking representative and prominent men, have now become frankly exponents of social sets, with no attempt at welding together strong and opposite leaders.

The greatest sufferer has been the Hasty Pudding Club, which, now that final club membership has increased to such proportions, finds its leading representatives increasingly diverted from it into small retiring groups absorbed in themselves and the progress of their club. As a result the Hasty Pudding Club is losing its social prestige and its former busy atmosphere of broad companionship and is being forced more and more into the special field of a college dramatic organization with special nights for congregation. This development, which will probably surprise the older graduate, is most regrettable. Vigorous attempts to restore its prestige are being made. Everywhere I found Harvard undergraduates alive to the importance of such a movement. Unfortunately they do not realize how hopeless is their task; that what they have to deal with is the triumphant rise of a new theory, the theory that men in college should seek out their own kind, build prohibitive clubhouses and retire into mutual admiration. The

Hasty Pudding Club which was virile and active when the trend was for groups to seek a common meeting ground, must inevitably decay if the present development persists.

Since the establishment of the social set theory at Harvard two things are noticeable: the domination of the select fashionable schools and the turning to other universities of the big democratic boarding schools of Andover and Exeter. Exeter, which was once regarded as the feeder of the university, now, probably from the realization of the difficulty its graduates would experience in obtaining social honors in the socially inherited clubs of Harvard, has made a startling overturn to Yale and Princeton, where personal achievement brings social recognition. I do not maintain that members of A. D. and Porcellian are not often democratic leaders, athletic or otherwise, but they are so as individual incidents of a socially superior set. The man who comes to Harvard unheralded, without the proper school connections, may become chairman of the Crimson or of the Lampoon, or Captain of the Eleven or Crew. He will make the Institute and the Pudding, he may—not necessarily—make one of the newer final clubs, but if he succeeds in penetrating into the social sets of A. D. and Porcellian, which are the social prizes—without money, without social connections or extraordinary natural social genius, it will be a miracle and a miracle of such rarity as not to overtax the credulity.

"WEALTHY MEMBERS OF SOCIAL PROMINENCE"

THE official guide to Harvard, published by the university referring to Porcellian, naively says: "As a rule its members are wealthy students of social prominence. The club has a fine library," and, further speaking of "small and exclusive clubs," it adds: "The tendency is to organize them on the lines of congeniality and common interests which determine social groupings in the great world."

This official statement removes the necessity of labored proof. What has happened is, even more radical than stated. An examination of latter-day class statistics shows impressively that the way to Harvard's highest social honors lies through a well-defined group of schools or recognized Eastern society.

In the combined membership of A. D. and Porcellian for the classes of '05, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10, there is only one instance of a member achieving the rank of Phi Beta Kappa, and that in 1906. Since that year, when there was one representative each from Andover and the Roxbury Latin School, the membership without exception has been recruited from the fashionable Eastern schools. There is no record of any school in the South, the Middle West or the Far West, no record of a high school or a public school, of the great democratic schools of Andover and Exeter. During this period the geographical representation is even more amazing. In 1907, 17 out of 19; in 1908, 23 out of 27; in 1909, 20 out of 22; in 1910, 16 out of 20 members were from distinctly New York and Boston elements. Of the exceptions, Chicago was represented once, and Ohio twice; Louisiana once; Philadelphia, Utica, and Buffalo comprising the remainder. All, with one exception, had the advantage of the prestige of an Eastern prep. school.

MINORITY LEADERSHIP

AT YALE the Skull and Bones records for the Classes of '09, '10, '11 show twelve Phi Beta Kappa men, while the Scroll and Keys list shows four. Geographically, the Yale societies (as is true of the leading Princeton clubs) cover the whole United States with a universal representation among the prep. schools of the country.

If Porcellian and A. D. were without influence in the life of Harvard, their composition would be of no importance. But the fact is they represent to the undergraduate and even more to the outsider the highest social distinction. The strange thing is that they are permitted this leadership despite there being a minority.

utterly unrepresentative either socially, geographically, or intellectually of the broad manhood and the distinguished culture of Harvard University.

It is quite true that A. D. and even Porcellian, inspired by occasional strong personalities, experience periodical democratic movements, extending within the limits of the social horizon. They have never made a move in the direction of a change from the selective to the broadly representative, which is the theory of the Yale Skull and Bones. They remain social sets. And if these social sets admit to their chosen circle individuals of worth and character from outer regions, the standard which is imposed is always that of availability for social intercourse.

MISEDUCATING OUR ARISTOCRACY

HERE, then, is the most completely misconceived system for the education of our aristocracy that could be conceived. From the moment a man of social rating enters Harvard everything is ready to protect him from any democratic knowledge of his fellows. He rooms in dormitories of such luxury that only men of his own means can surround him. He soon enters an exclusive intermediary club and then a more exclusive final one. No obligation is laid on him in the slightest to win recognition in his own class. He may be detected, as sometimes happens; he continues sublimely indifferent with no other conception of a college career than the social success which is handed down to him by those members of his Boston or New York or private school sets who look after their own. He has experienced nothing real, been brought under no discipline, learned nothing but to wind tighter about him the cocoon of social predestination. The fact that national problems—economic and political—exist, profoundly bores him. He has learned only one thing: whom he should associate with—and into the hands of his like will pass the control of concentrated power over masses whom he does not understand and for whom he has learned no sympathy. His social course has completed the miseducation his parents have chosen to give him. The university continues to preach theoretical democracy while practically it surrenders its control to social sets that mock the very sound of the word.

THOSE OUTSIDE THE BARS

IF THESE strictures are divested of any soothing compromise, it is because I believe the problem is of such overpowering national significance that the facts cannot be presented too impressively. It is not that Harvard is indifferent to the vital fact that democratic association is national education, but that no reform can come until Harvard, as well as Yale, Princeton, and other universities abandon the erroneous theory that the social organization of the university is the property of the undergraduate. Speaking of Memorial Hall, the same Official Guide to Harvard says: "Without it Harvard might still be a great university, but not what it aims to be—an adornment and a support to the Republic." Admirable ideal, genuinely meant and because I believe that at Harvard, despite its present evils, is a bigger vision and a more mature imagination, I believe it eventually will lead in the process of university reorganization that must come, whether in ten years or in twenty.

If, contrary to the usual prejudice, I have dwelt mostly on the injurious effects of the social system on its beneficiaries, believing that they are the most defrauded by it, what of the more obvious effect on those who are shut out from participation?

These may roughly be divided into two classes: those who arrive with friends and those who come to Harvard unknown. Of this latter class, those who have not the pressing need of education, by reason of possessing easy allowances, become directly affected by the standards of the social system into which they would penetrate. They are amazed at the difficulty of making friends, appalled by the impenetrable aloofness of the

THE SOUTHERN DELEGATES

VI.—The Louisiana Delegation

ON A TOTAL Republican vote of 2,500 Louisiana will send to the Republican National Convention one hundred and twenty delegates and alternate delegates. Her actual delegation numbers twenty, and she will send three such delegations, each with its set of alternates. One delegation is dominated by Taft's Louisiana campaign manager, Clarence S. Hebert, United States Collector of Customs, and by Victor Loisel, United States Deputy Marshal. This is the "Confederation of Federal Officeholders." It is run by Federal officeholders, and largely made up of Federal officeholders.

Its membership is as follows:

DELEGATES AND ALTERNATES FROM STATE OF LOUISIANA
AT LARGE, ELECTED AT CONVENTION AT ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, APRIL 8, 1912, CALLED
AND CONTROLLED BY THE HEBERT-LOISEL
(OFFICEHOLDERS) FACTION

All White—Instructed for Taft

C. S. HEBERT, United States Collector of Customs, port of New Orleans; salary \$7,000.
VICTOR LOISEL, United States Deputy Marshal; salary \$4,000.
ARMAND ROMAIN, lawyer.
H. C. WARMOUTH, sugar planter, "Carpetbag Governor."
EMILE KUNTZ.
DR. D. A. LINES.

ALTERNATES

A. F. LEONHARDT, postmaster at New Orleans; salary \$7,000.
DR. J. L. DESLATTES
DR. CHAS. F. BOAGNI.
LOUIS CORDE.
JOS. FABACHER, permanent secretary of Alexandria Convention.
MAYER CAHN, ex-coiner United States mint at New Orleans.

THE FOLLOWING DISTRICT DELEGATES ALSO HAVE BEEN ELECTED AND INSTRUCTED TO VOTE FOR TAFT AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

First—WALTER L. COHEN (colored); was registrar of the United States Land Office until office was abolished in 1911.

J. MADISON VANCE (colored); was financial secretary to J. M. G. Parker; New Orleans postmaster during "carpetbag" days. Parker is brother-in-law of the late Benj. F. Butler, "despoiler of New Orleans."

Second—LEONARD WAGUESPACK, St. James Parish, cousin of W. J. Waguespack; former United States District Attorney, New Orleans.

C. J. BELL, New Orleans, former United States Spb-treasurer at New Orleans.

Third—E. J. RODRIGUE, Assumption, Assistant Appraiser of Customs at New Orleans; salary \$2,500.

REUBEN H. BROWN, Iberia.

Fourth—A. C. LEA, postmaster at Shreveport; salary \$3,400.

J. P. BREDAS, Natchitoches, candidate for postmaster.

Fifth—W. T. INSLEY, postmaster at Delhi; salary \$1,200.

F. W. GREEN, Lake Providence.

Sixth—E. W. SORREL (colored).

B. V. BERANCO (colored); formerly held office in Baton Rouge and was once an employee in mint at New Orleans.

Seventh—L. E. ROBINSON Welch, insurance agent.

FRANK C. LABIT, postmaster at Crowley.

ALTERNATES

Sixth—ALEX. SOLOMON, former postmaster at Plaquemine, let out by Roosevelt.

MIKE WINFIELD (colored).

Seventh—GOLDMAN LASALLE, postmaster at Opelousas.
STUART THOMSON, former postmaster at Lake Charles.

Remember, Hebert is a Federal officeholder and is writing to Federal officeholders. If he wrote the following letters for any other candidate he would be discharged from office for "pernicious political activity."

The letters are to postmasters:

We do want the delegates elected to be instructed to cast the vote of the district for the nomination of President Taft, and to vote as a unit with the Louisiana delegation on all questions. These two propositions will be brought before the convention in the shape of resolutions by one of the President's friends. [This is one of Hebert's little specialties. He sends down type-written resolutions from New Orleans to the district conventions, and his representative jams them through the convention. Or else he himself goes down in person, as to the Alexandria Convention, and sees that his will is perfectly carried out, even to the unseating of three of the delegation who had their credentials in good and regular form. His letter continues.]

I wish to know if you will interest yourself in sending a delegation from your parish committed to vote for these propositions, and what your chances are for sending such a delegation. This convention will be all right in every particular, and you will have no cause to regret having attended it. Yours truly,

C. S. HEBERT,

Taft Campaign Manager for Louisiana.

In another letter he says, and the black-letter words are his own:

What I would want you to do is to undertake to elect

delegates from your parish to the Alexandria Convention of April 8 committed to carry out a Taft program.

If you are to be permitted to be a leader in your parish, you must be a Taft leader. If you are to be elected as a delegate, you must be a Taft delegate. That is the order. And it is issued by a Federal officeholder to Federal officeholders. And the man issuing the mandate is chosen by the President as his campaign manager for the State of Louisiana. Over one hundred Louisiana postmasters have gone on record in writing that pressure is brought to bear on them to make them line up for Taft. These were men whose preference was Roosevelt. One of them, who later was driven into the Taft pen, wrote: "I am first, last, and always for Colonel Roosevelt." But this man was a postmaster and his job was in jeopardy, so he let his necessity overcome his desire.

PUTTING ON THE SCREWS

OF OTHER Federal officeholders, not postmasters, who had expressed their preference for Roosevelt, Mr. Hebert said they should resign their offices. He was asked if that was not an unfair statement for a man in charge of patronage to make. He was further asked if he meant that they would be forced out of office for refusing to line up for Mr. Taft. He replied: "There are more ways than one of killing the cat, and they might not be put out for opposing the Administration."

To an ardent Roosevelt man who held a subordinate Federal job he promised the chief's position (the chief had declared for Roosevelt). Mr. Hebert warned the man to come over to Taft, saying to him: "You simply must line up for Taft. If not, I'll put a knife in

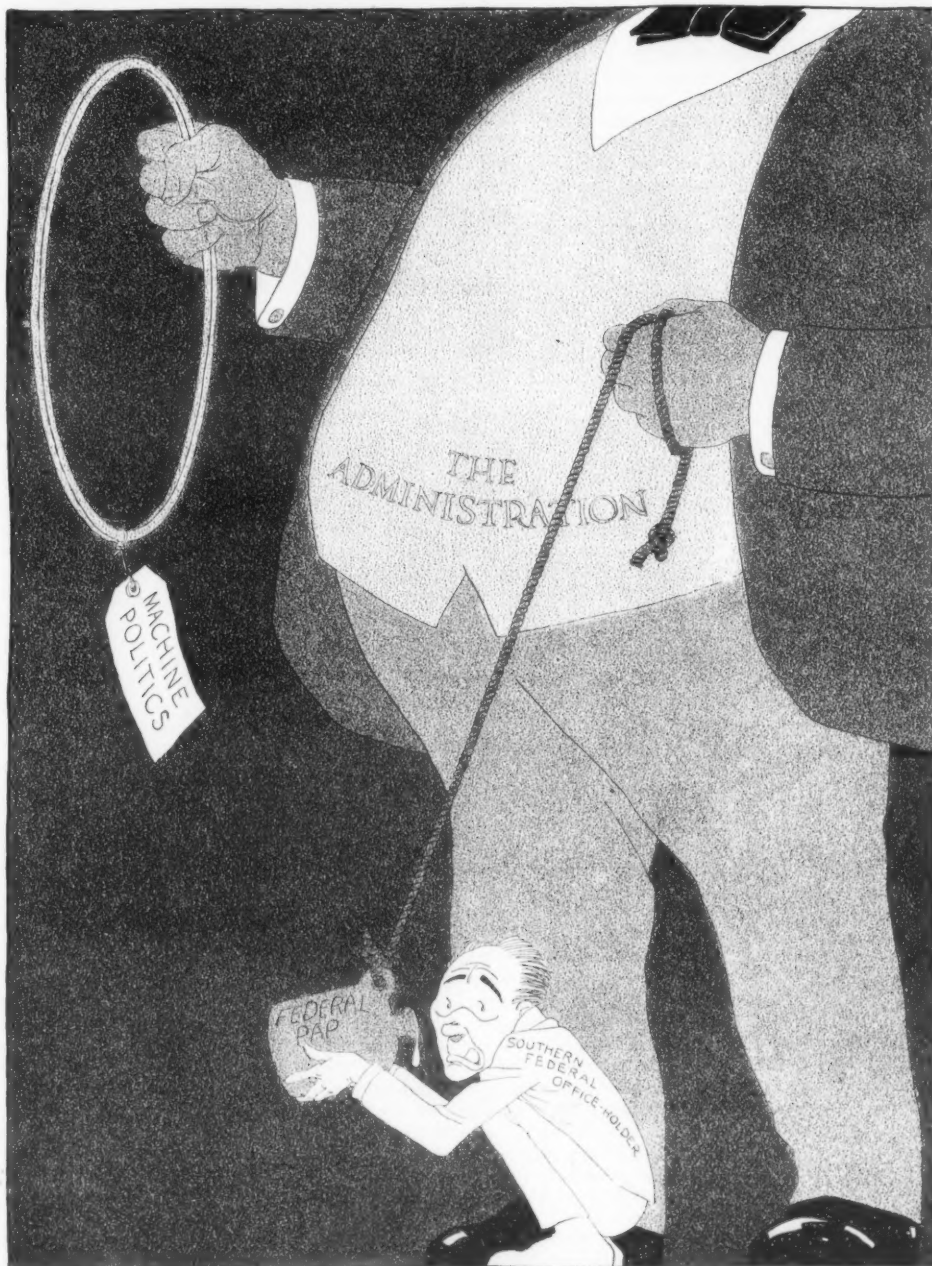
your entrails and turn it around. You cannot hold on to your job unless you come out for Taft."

Negroes seeking admittance were kept out. During subsequent proceedings a loud commotion was heard at the entrance. A drunken Mexican had wandered down the street and decided to turn in at the large building where he spied something doing. The faithful policeman noted his dark skin and handled him swiftly, believing him to be a delegate from some up-State district. So much for Delegation No. 1, Mr. Taft's "Confederation of Federal Officeholders."

Delegation No. 2 is controlled by Frank B. Williams, formerly one of the two State referees, and by Jules Godchaux. Godchaux and his brother are the sugar kings. Ninety-five per cent of the sugar planters of the State are Taft men. They believe he will oppose free sugar. As Williams expresses it, "We want him for sugar." So they made an effort to swing a solid second Taft delegation. Godchaux states that Mr. Hilles, Mr. Taft's secretary, had pledged him the President's opposition to free sugar if the delegation came up to Chicago solid for Taft. But the Taft leaders in the sugar delegation were not strong enough to make it unanimous. So this delegation is split between Taft and Roosevelt. Delegation No. 3 is a Roosevelt delegation.

NICE DISCRIMINATION

THE Republican National Committee will have to discriminate nicely to seat the right delegation. None of them has a strictly legal status. But although they all are dwelling in the twilight zone, these 120 men will proceed to Chicago, sent there by a total vote of 2,500 registered Republican voters. Whereas it takes 197,216 voters in Kansas to send 20 delegates for the same purpose of selecting a President.



Dire Voice from Above: "Jump or I'll pull the string"

THE THEATRICAL YEAR

By HARRISON RHODES



S. Moffatt and Molly Fearon in "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

less syndicate-nonsyndicate fights some manager had only administered a knockout blow! If some visiting foreign artist had been received with the tumults and enthusiasms which greeted Rachel or Jenny Lind! If Charles Frohman had produced American plays! If Lillian Russell had grown old! If—but the list is endless. The theatrical year of 1911-12 had a thousand chances of becoming an epoch. It has persisted in remaining just a theatrical year.

HOWEVER, no theatrical year, as one looks back upon it, is without excitements. We are constantly told that the theatre lags behind all the other arts in achievement. In spite of this it always keeps well ahead of them in popular interest. Its devotees are more devoted, its hostile critics more animated and venomous than those of any of its rivals. It would be idle to pretend, for example, that public curiosity is as excited to know what picture, let us say, that admirable artist, Mr. John Alexander, is going to paint next year as it is to learn what rôle, for example, that excellent actress, Miss Ethel Barrymore, is going to play; or that general interest was ever as much stirred by the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts through its long and successful existence as it was by the New Theatre during that institution's brief and somewhat ill-starred career. It is apparently extraordinarily easy to like the drama: love of some of the kindred arts seems to try the ordinary American public a little high. On the other hand, it is the simplest thing in the world to feel the reformer's zeal and to realize that "something must be done about the stage." Really very few people feel very seriously that "something must be done" about painting or sculpture or novel writing. But the country is overrun with revolutionary "students of the drama," and in the cities it is becoming difficult to house the leagues, the associations, and the societies which are devoted to its uplifting. In consequence even a nonepoch-making year of the theatre is interesting and agreeable to consider.

It has been, from the professional point of view, a "bad" season; during the autumn months black clouds hung over Broadway and the promenaders of the Rialto

walked in gloom. Before plunging too deep in disappointment, however, one should always remember that Mr. Forbes's Chorus Lady said the final word upon this whole matter: "It is always a bad season for a bad show." When it is considered that even by the date of this writing there have been in the last season in New York alone over one hundred and twenty-five "productions," it is not to be wondered at that many of them were bad and failed.

It is not even to be wondered at, in such a gush and torrent of drama, that some of them were good and failed. Even in the greatest, most pleasure-loving and spendthrift of our cities the theatrical business is overdone. Success in New York has been made a fetish, and theatres have been built and productions made to an extent which has rendered success there more difficult than anywhere else

in the country. Managers still cling pathetically to the hope that a forced run in New York may be paid for by big business in the country. Meanwhile they build theatres so fast in every town and village that very soon all runs there will be forced, too. And what with vaudeville and moving pictures—but perhaps this is enough of pessimism. Broadway has glittered for nine months. It will glitter still more next year. Somehow or other the theatre always pulls through. It pulled through 1911-12. It may be pleasant to be idly reminiscent as to how it did it.

THE easiest label for the year is "Oriental." During the summer there was a flush as before the dawn, when ballets upon Eastern subjects were given by Miss Gertrude Hoffman and her Russians at the Winter Garden. Then followed, in September, "The Arab"; in October, "The Garden of Allah"; in December, "Kismet"; and in January, "Sumurun." There was also, in January, "The Bird of Paradise," a Hawaiian play, which was placed so far in the West that in those dim regions of 180° longitude it seemed almost to become the East. And later on Mr. Walker Whiteside and "The Typhoon" arrived from Chicago, and we learned how Japan conducts itself face to face with Occidental—more definitely, German—problems. There has been, too, in the vaudeville and variety theatres a kind of accompanying cloud of minor sketches, acts, and ballets, all costumed in the Oriental manner, if not very profoundly imbued with the Oriental spirit. There is, of course, no more possibility of explaining this Eastern fashion in plays than there would be of explaining the fashion in ladies' hats. These things happen at the same time, that is all one can say; but it is always a curiously interesting phenomenon.

"The Arab," written and acted by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, had to its credit a more satirical comment upon the essential differences between Oriental and Occidental character than was attempted in any of the other dramas; it had also the advantage of the author's own peculiarly smooth and insinuating acting. It boasted a bazaar scene which until we had seen the winter's later Oriental splendors seemed quite worth while. It started the season on its Eastward path.

"The Garden of Allah" has gone thundering along the year with the greatest receipts, the biggest theatre, the worst play, and the most lavish and amazing scenery of the season. That the production took place in the old New Theatre, renamed the Century, seemed to lend that occasion additional thrills. Miss Mary Mannering, in the service of art, returned to the stage from matrimony and its obscure pursuits, and Mr. Lewis Waller, transported from an adoring London to these shores, in one afternoon, by a singularly thrilling *bravura* performance of an impossible rôle, established himself in an admiring Manhattan. But the scenery's the thing after all, and the management, Messrs. Liebler & Co., in almost every instance have combined realism and beauty in a way probably never before equaled in New York. The rumor of the town may have it that the sand of the desert is really breakfast food, but for all that the trackless Sahara, as it may be seen in Central Park West, is unforgettably lovely. "The Garden of Allah" has been less a play than an institution, to which at least one visit was due from every inhabitant of and every visitor to New York.

"KISMET" has also been almost an institution, but somewhat more a play. This is the Orient, not so much as anyone—even the author—has seen it, but as we have all dreamed of it ever since we read the Arabian Nights. Mr. Otis Skinner in a wholly admirable performance, dramatic and humorous, is generally considered to have made the success of his career, and Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske to have surpassed himself in elaborate beauty of scenery and costuming. The definite "arrival" of Mr. Edward Knoblauch, the author of the piece, as one of our accredited American dramatists, is in a way one of the events of the year. His success should be an encouragement to all aspirants, for it has been won not only by vivacity of imagination and humor, but by what is rarer—years of loving, patient, and long unrewarded study of the playwright's art as it is practiced not only at home, but abroad.

On the top of two such successes it would not have been surprising if Reinhardt's "wordless play," "Sumu-

run," fresh though it was from German and English triumphs, had failed. But the wave of Orientalism was still running high; furthermore, "Sumurun" brought, as it were, fresh spoils of the East, curious beauties of decoration and costumes, and vivid, grotesque, and tragic performances by its actors. The Reinhardt simplification of production is already having its effect: comic opera settings during the coming summer should be watched carefully by students of the stage for the unmistakable signs that "Sumurun" has passed that way.

"The Bird of Paradise" will be remembered for its odd music, its exotic color, and for the strange, alluring figure of Miss Laurette Taylor about to cast herself into a volcano's hot heart. "The Typhoon" provided thrills and excitements, some good acting, and something perhaps of Japanese thought—not too much. But it illustrates the year's catholic appreciation of any kind of Orientalism.

On the way back from these remote Eastern regions of the drama it might be worth while delaying in a few European countries to consider what contributions they have made to our American winter.

Russia sent to the lower East Side of New York—from which Broadway for an unhappily brief period withdrew him—a great artist—Orleneff—who appeared in a stern but moving repertoire of the kind of plays from which we so tenderly guard "the tired business man." Madame Nazimova, who first came to us on the occasion of an earlier visit of her compatriot, seemed this winter, in "The Marionettes," to have become, under the influence of our American theatre, only the competent but uninspired technician in a competent but uninspired French play. Memories of her earlier fires and the somber beauties of her first appearances in New York make one willing to believe that this change is only momentary, yet they make one accept, as perhaps better for him, though worse for us, Orleneff's place near the Bowery.

FROM France came, most especially, Mme. Simone, much heralded. The heralding was, one is prepared to believe, quite sincere upon the part of her managers, who probably believed her a genius. She seemed to most who saw her an excessively interesting, varied, and accomplished actress. In "The Return to Jerusalem," for example, wonderfully seconded by Mr. Arnold Daly, she gave a performance which it would be hard to imagine bettered. But generally praise seemed to stop short of that enthusiastic managerial word. It can, however, do us in America no harm to learn to appreciate foreign merit even if it falls short of absolute genius.

Madame Simone's English was so admirable that the spectator probably often did her the combined injustice and honor to forget that it was perhaps a handicap. Only occasionally did one feel reminded of a famous foreign artist of an earlier day who, playing in English, said plaintively one day:

"You know it never seems to me that I give that speech quite right even now after so many performances. What do the words mean?"

If, instead of England, we say the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland we mention something of importance in the season. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is one of the year's sound, almost sensational, successes. It is a delicious little *genre* piece, admirably acted, and it is almost equally to the credit of Scotland that she produced it and of America that she liked it. But our sensitiveness to things Scotch is a curiously interesting American quality. Whether it be on account of golf or of whisky, or of just Harry Lauder himself, we like the Scotch dialect better than we do the English, prefer a broadened *o* to a dropped *h*, and would never have enjoyed Bunty—bless her—half so much had she lived south of the Tweed. The tour of the Irish players, under the gallant generalship of Lady Gregory, was one of the year's real events, in both art and hoodlumism—if there is such a word. And, oddly enough, for both lovers of the drama and hurlers of cabbages, "The Playboy of the Western World" was the most important feature of the Irish repertoire. An op-



Florence Fisher and Florence Reed in "The Typhoon"



Mme. Nazimova in "The Marionettes"



Ethel Barrymore in "A Slice of Life"



John Drew and Mary Boland in
"A Single Man"

portunity to see Synge's winning, humorous, and beautiful play—or to use it as a target for brickbats—was one to be deeply grateful for, and if such unaffected and delightful playing can be secured from untrained peasant boys and girls, let us by all means recruit actors and actresses for Broadway from the mountain villages of the South where they have never seen even a moving-picture show.

England, of course, provided us with good measure, both in good and bad things. One of the autumn's great successes was Mr. Haddon Chambers's expertly popular "Passers-by." Even without the advantage which it had in London of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's very individual acting and Miss Irene Vanbrugh's exquisite performance, it came well through the test here. Later on, "The Butterfly on the Wheel" was a success, less perhaps as a play than as a vehicle. Miss Madge Titheradge actually had a new kind of good looks and a new sort of charm. And Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm played the pleasantest idle aristocrat that the town has seen for years. England provided Mr. John Drew—who is regularly fitted out at the great importing house of Frohman—with an easy, well-bred play, by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, in which Mr. Drew was as easy and well-bred as usual, and once in a scene with Miss Boland, more emotional than usual—just to remind us that he is a more accomplished, all-round actor than the very youngest and latest generation of theatregoers has been allowed to know. Miss Barrymore had an English play, too, "The Witness for the Defense," by A. E. W. Mason, which was worth seeing for her amazingly moving acting—amazing only if you have not followed her development as an artist during the recent years. Later she, with her brother and Miss Hattie Williams, appeared in an amusing but unimportant satirical skit by Mr. Barrie, entitled "A Slice of Life."

That Mr. Barrie's year went by without a real contribution to the theatre is, as always, an irreparable loss. Mr. Pinero, with "Preserving Mr. Panmure," was with us but for a moment. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones also, with "Lydia Gilmore," which showed some of his old fire and more new vagueness, did not tarry long, in spite of Miss Anglin's fine acting. Mr. Mason, whose "Green Stockings" Miss Anglin also produced (and showed that sometimes we do those things better than they do them in England), fared better in his American season.

Mr. Louis Parker, whose "Disraeli," with Mr. George Arliss in the title rôle, has peacefully and serenely gone through the year, must think well of our country, if he can forget Miss Viola Allen's brief and somewhat unhappy visit to Broadway in a play of his upon the subject of Lady Godiva. Mr. Lewis Waller, too, likes America, and hot from "The Garden of Allah" has at Daly's rushed into revivals of his old successes.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey has had a brief scamper across the Atlantic with the Censor's farce, "Dear Old Charlie." Mr. Forbes-Robertson, we are happy to say, we have always with us, though we could wish he might, in say five or ten years more, finish with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and give us, though he will still be far too young, "King Lear." There has been this year no tremendous incursion of English stars, though the American stage has always, and for the most part to its advantage, a great number of strangers more or less permanently domiciled upon it, playing now, with great verve and often great competence, our native types—New York manicure girls and virile young Western business men, as well as high-class "society" ladies and gentlemen.

IT IS some proof of the cosmopolitanism of our civilization that in talking of our stage it takes so long to get home to the native sons of the pen and the free-born American actresses and actors. But though the progress is slow, the American stage does gradually become more American. We have plenty of what may be termed foreign successes, but they come to us guaranteed, as it were, winnowed from the chaff of many failures on the other side of the Atlantic. Our own experiments, the bulk of our productions—for here the failures count, too, and to our credit—are done with our own material, even if it is occasionally pretty raw. But the season of 1911-12, it must be frankly confessed, has not, in this connection, the most brilliant of records.

Mr. Augustus Thomas hit the bull's-eye, as it is his custom and indeed his right to do. "As a Man Thinks," like several of his recent plays, gave the spectator at times a confused feeling of wonder whether he was in a theatre or in a Christian Science Church on the upper West Side. But our premier playwright's native vigor and the mere habit of writing effectively for the theatre triumphed in the end. Mr. James Forbes has produced nothing in the metropolis, and Mr. Charles Klein, though achieving a sound commercial success in "Maggie Pepper," did not quite make one forget Miss Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Mr. Channing Pollock is, only for the moment, a librettist of musical comedy. Mr. Thompson Buchanan has had a varied year, somewhat unsatisfactory to anyone who believes in him. Mr. Edward Sheldon, on whom so many hopes have centered, has technically to his record only a failure. But "The Princess Zim-Zim," exquisitely acted by Miss Dorothy Donnelly and Mr. John Barrymore, had much more richness of tone, both in feeling and in literary quality, than Mr. Sheldon's work has hitherto displayed, and marks a definite advance in his career as playwright. Mr. Edward Locke has given us in New York nothing. Who that remembers "The Climax" can fail to regret this? Mr. Avery Hopwood has not followed "Nobody's Widow" with a similar pretty trifle. Mr. A. E. Thomas, one of the younger authors of whom it is a pleasure to write, because he himself writes so pleasantly, has

toward the season's end achieved a success under Mr. Henry Miller's banner in a pretty domestic comedy of sentiment entitled "The Rainbow." On the other hand, Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, in "Rebellion," only partly satisfied the high hopes of those who always expect so much from this young Western reformer, and frankly disappointed any which the Broadway public may be supposed to have had. Mr. Winchell Smith wrote in "The Only Son" what many people thought his best play so far, and if the space allotted to such an article as the present allowed, some attempt would be made to explain its failure. One American farce, "Officer 666," in which the rumor of the town reports Mr. Smith to have had a helping hand, achieved a slambang success. And Messrs. Mizner and Armstrong, in "The

Greyhound," again as in "The Deep Purple," showed melodrama of the politer criminal classes. It remained, however, for Mr. George Broadhurst (very little of Art and very much of Broadway) to achieve what is, on the whole, the season's most definite comedy success. "Bought and Paid For" is a well-built play, the central theme of which is neither pleasant nor very profoundly true. But two minor characters are so authentically humorous, so vivid, so racy of our American soil, and so perfectly acted, that everyone should—and has—seen the piece.

The ladies have only partially satisfied expectations. Miss Margaret Mayo has done nothing since "Baby Mine." Miss Rachel Crothers has been heard of "on the road," but not in New York. Mr. Riggs and Miss Thompson have not followed "Rebecca." Miss Marion Fairfax has made a definite and sound success in a really American domestic comedy, "The Talker."

To turn to the stars and to the plays which one naturally thinks of in connection with them—Mrs. Fiske—one likes to begin with her—produced a play by Mr. Langdon Mitchell who has seemed for some years almost the most brilliant and cultivated of our stage writers. But "The New Marriage" proved over the heads—or perhaps one now says higher than the brows—of its audience. She then descended upon milder material in "Lady Patricia," by Rudolf Bezler. Miss Maude Adams has continued in "Chantecler," upon which fact no comment at this day can be apropos. Mr. Faversham has kept on with "The Faun," his last year's play by Mr. Knoblauch, but promises great things for the future. Miss Billie Burke—one is so apt to remember Miss Burke and to forget her play. Miss Helen Ware has a Broadhurst success.

Mr. Belasco may surely be classed as a star; he carries with him for his public all the glamour of an emotional actress, though his accomplishments depend more upon solid hard work and less upon exuberance of temperament than such a lady's. "Peter Grimm" returned last season, but did not arrive in New York till this. If one could only find in the play in which Mr. Warfield will doubtless appear for years to come some deeper significance, some more tormented and emotional thought upon the problem of whether the dead may come back, one could come nearer to talk of epochs and their making. But the play is original, and, theatrically, it is moving as Mr. Belasco alone seems to know how to make things on the stage. He has also made of Mr. William de Mille's "The Woman," a somewhat uneven play, a success. Mr. de Mille, quite on his own account, made a satirical one-act vaudeville skit almost "the talk of the town."

Hitherto undiscovered genius, springing full-armed, etc., from the head of Zeus, is represented this year



A scene from the expertly popular
"Passers-by"

almost entirely by Mr. Charles Kenyon of Indianapolis, the author of "Kindling," a slum play in which Miss Margaret Illington appeared to the delight of both New York and Chicago. In New York the public's appreciation of the enterprise was not all it might have been, and an organization, Amis d'Art, was actually formed to "boost" "Kindling," an interesting and engaging phenomenon. Mr. Kenyon, incidentally, may not be quite a genius, but he did write an excellent play.

Mr. Winthrop Ames, profiting by The New Theatre calamity, has opened The Little Theatre, a pleasant, gentlemanly place of resort. "The Pigeon," by Mr. John Galsworthy, is exactly the kind of play which ought to get done. It is well written, it is amusing, and it may conceivably make an audience think. It was almost very well acted, by Mr. Frank Reicher brilliantly. The afternoon bill was all right for those who like their Charles Rann Kennedy—and they are, happily for Mr. Kennedy, numerous. Mr. Ames's announcements for next year sound both gay and thoughtful, and it is easy to believe that The Little Theatre is going to be exactly what we want.

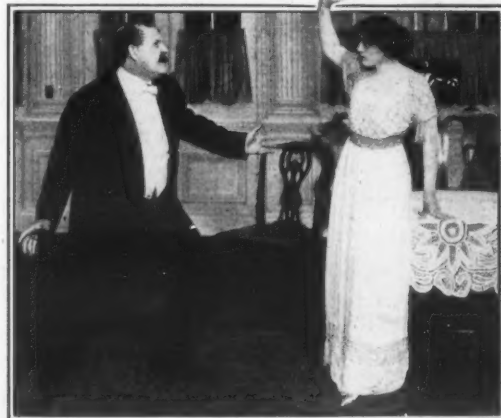
"Oliver Twist" was also a brilliant, dignified, and encouraging event. Mr. Nat Goodwin returned to the metropolis, and again showed it, as Fagin, that acting is acting, in which he was ably assisted by Miss Constance Collier, a lovely Nance; Miss Marie Doro, an appealing Oliver, and Mr. Lyn Harding, a really frightening Bill Sikes. Meanwhile the spring air is full of uplift rumors.

The Drama Players, who made an excellent start toward a permanent repertory theatre in Chicago, are to continue, Mr. Donald Robertson gallantly directing. Mr. Faversham half promises something like that, or better, in New York. In two towns it is almost certain there is to be The Woman's Theatre—and then let the commercial managers look sharp! In Boston they have The Toy Theatre. And in New York the Stage Society promises exotic entertainment of a Sunday. *Vogue la galère.*

In musical comedy there has been no "Merry Widow," no "Pink Lady," no "Chocolate Soldier." But there has been the Weber and Fields revival. To catch the full flavor of this one must be old enough to have known the old days. But the revival is one of the few things in life which reconcile one to being just that old.

The year would be ending gayly enough had it not been for the *Titanic* and the loss of Mr. Henry B. Harris. Broadway's tears are no less genuine because they sparkle in her electric lights.

Some old friends have been lost temporarily in vaudeville. Some season soon we shall find them, or other stars, recuperating financially in the moving-picture stock companies. The stage always overflows a bit—witness the cabaret craze. The year hasn't been a bad year. Indeed, if you love the theatre, if you feel that anything happening on an elevated platform behind a row of lights is, just for that, enchanted and better than it would be happening on the dull level where you sit, no theatrical year can be a bad year.



Gertrude Elliott in
"Preserving Mr. Panmure"



"THE PROFESSOR"

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE party began at Fabacher's restaurant and was given by Stacy Paget to the exceedingly beautiful and more or less talented Ivy Hettler. During the earlier part of that same evening Miss Hettler had graduated from the chorus to the soubrette part in "The Maid of Mirth," and she had taken this important step with a degree of success that, to the outsider at least, seemed to justify a modest celebration. However, there were several other girls of the company, who happened to be supping that night at Fabacher's, to whom Ivy Hettler's promotion was regarded not only as undeserved but in the light of an ordinary scandal. Furthermore, they did not hesitate to show their feelings by casting significant glances in the direction of Stacy Paget and the numerous bottles of champagne that he was opening in honor of his new soubrette.

Irene Earle, who was one of a large party sitting but a few tables distant, shut the metal lid of her beer mug with a vicious snap and shoved it halfway across the polished table.

"Just look at the way Ivy's sipping her wine," she sneered. "You'd think she was afraid the bubbles were going to bite her. There's a fine soubrette for you—I don't think. I know about eight of our girls who can sing and dance and read lines all around that kid. Of all—"

"What gets my goat," Marie Le Moyne interrupted, "is that Ivy should have played the wide-eyed innocent child half the season and then copped out the manager. If it had been a chorus man or even the tenor, I wouldn't have cared."

EDNA CLARK rapped her beer mug on the table to attract the attention of a passing waiter, and glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the manager's supper party.

"It's a rotten shame, if you ask me," she said, turning back her large bovine eyes to the men and women at her own table, "a rotten shame. Some of these days Stacy Paget'll make a play for a girl who's got a brother or a sweetheart with red blood in him, and then there'll be one more good girl in the show business and one less manager."

The other women about the table, each according to her own moral viewpoint, shrugged their shoulders or nodded their approval, and then everyone ordered more beer from the patient waiter.

IN THE natural course of events, and according to the most firmly established traditions of New Orleans sporting life, Irene Earle, Marie Le Moyne, Edna Clark, and the other girls from "The Maid of Mirth," as well as the young men who were acting as their hosts, eventually left Fabacher's in pursuit of the real entertainment of the night. Half a dozen taxicabs jolted them over the rough stone pavements and through the narrow, dimly lighted streets to the side door of the Ori-

ental Café, where the already hilarious party of pleasure seekers was received with clamorous delight.

The back room of the Oriental was a little larger and a trifle cleaner than the other and less successful resorts of its kind in the neighborhood. The floor was bare, the maroon tinted walls were decorated with a few fly-specked prints of former gladiators of the roped arena or past equine heroes of the turf, and the center of the low, smoke-begrimed ceiling was enlivened by a large and exceedingly crude painting of scarlet roses



"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

and amorous pink cupids. At the far end of the long, narrow room there was a small raised platform which served as a stage. On this there was an upright piano and a table, on which were placed a drum, a trombone, and several other sadly dilapidated instruments used by the performers when rendering "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and other ballads of a similarly hilarious nature.

The three professional artists who were regularly employed by the management of the café were Eddie Windle, commonly known as "The Professor," who played the accompaniments for the two other young men as well as for any artist in the audience who wished to contribute a song to the general gayety of the night. The two young men who sang professionally and who held the exclusive privilege of periodically passing the hat among their delighted auditors were the Allen Brothers, specimens of a wholly depraved type usually to be found about the sporting resorts of any large city. Both young men were always neatly dressed,

brisk of manner, spoke a jargon of slang all of their own, and were wonderfully wise in knowing how to extract from the unworldly the greatest amount of money possible with the least personal effort. The difference between these two noisy, fatuous youths and the Professor is not easy to define, and yet there was a subtle difference which never failed to impress itself on anyone who spent a night at the Oriental Café.

The Professor was quite as youthful as his fellow workers, and, from all appearances, just as knowing in the ways of the underworld in which he lived. But whether it was that he lacked the convivial spirits of the other two or was palpably short of physical charm, there can be no question that he was seldom asked to drink with a party in the audience, and was under no condition permitted by his brother artists to pass around the hat. He was a tall, spare young man, with slightly stooping shoulders, big gray eyes, and an unhappy, discontented look in them, which could be seen when he occasionally turned them toward the audience. Perhaps it was this or perhaps it was his blond hair parted neatly in the center, and his pink and white coloring, and the weak, sensitive mouth from which there always hung a half-lighted cigarette, or perhaps again it was his shy and taciturn manner, but certainly one or all of these things combined to set him apart and cause the visitors to the Oriental to regard him as curiously out of place in his present surroundings.

BUT if the Professor's personality did not seem to belong to the place, he nevertheless occupied a most important part in its nightly program. Not only did he play the accompaniments for the other artists, but at somewhat lengthy intervals throughout the night he contributed a song of an entirely different character from the noisy efforts of the Allen Brothers. These songs of the Professor were invariably sentimental, often pathetic, and their subjects were the deserted home, the dying soldier-hero, the wayward daughter, and particularly the aged mother. With what had been once an apparently good, if untrained, tenor voice, Eddie Windle, sitting at the piano, gazing up at the grimy ceiling, sang these doleful ditties, and it must be said to his credit that they were invariably received by the patrons of the Oriental with the most marked signs of approval. It may have been the highly moral sentiment of the songs, or it may have been the feeling with which he rendered their homely words, but certain it is that when the Professor sang "Her Hobo Son," or "The Girl I Loved," or "Dream Days," or "Little Girlie Mine," the audience was not only always respectfully silent, but during the very early hours of the morning frequently reduced to a state of maudlin tearfulness.

Very much in the spirit of a sight-seeing or slumming party, Stacy Paget and his friends also eventually arrived at the Oriental Café and were shown to a table

not far from the little stage. The Allen Brothers were, for the third time that evening, rendering "The Raggiest Rag," and while Eddie Windle remained at the piano the two brothers, accompanied by Irene Earle, Marie Le Moyne, and several other girls from "The Maid of Mirth" company were marching in single file between the tables, beating drums, blowing horns, or singing loudly as they continued on their joyous parade up and down the room. Eddie Windle was, as usual, gazing absently at a spot on the ceiling, just over the piano, and therefore failed to notice the arrival of the newcomers. But when Ivy Hettler first saw the Professor she turned quite white, and her soft, pretty hands suddenly gathered tightly about the thick stem of the as yet empty wineglass that stood before her. When the song was over, Windle swung slowly about on the piano stool and, with his usually taciturn and disinterested manner, gazed at the noisy crowd beating beer mugs on the tables and shouting uproariously for an encore. And then his glance shifted and his eyes met those of Ivy Hettler. If he recognized the girl no one would have known it, for his face remained the same meaningless pink and white mask. Once more he swung about on the piano stool, and, picking up his cigarette, lighted it and blew a series of gray wavering rings of smoke at the ceiling.

"Sing 'The Village Green,' Professor," some one shouted, and another voice farther back in the hall called: "No, Eddie, make it 'Dream Days.'"

BY WAY of reply, the Professor played a few stray chords and then slowly turned his big gray eyes, and for a moment allowed them to rest on Ivy Hettler and Stacy Paget. The manager had indulged in the almost unknown luxury at the Oriental of ordering champagne and the habitués did not wonder that the incident should have attracted the momentary attention of the piano player. The song which Eddie Windle played on this occasion was quite new to the Oriental's audience and a new song by the Professor was always an event of no mean importance. It was a very simple song, largely recitative; the lyrics were ungrammatical and the meter was distinctly faulty. The whole thing was commonplace, even banal. The title of the ballad was "She's Anyone's Little Girlie Now but Mine," and it was all about a boy and a girl who had grown up together in a little country town and had gone to school together and played together and fought their childish battles for each other. Then the boy went away to seek his fortune in the city, but she always remained his little girl. That is, she did until one night when he chanced to meet her under most unhappy conditions. Because it seems that she, too, having grown tired of the little town and of waiting for her sweetheart, had come to the big city. And then, after the meeting, according to the refrain of this homely tale, she was anyone's little girl but his.

A complete and most flattering silence greeted the conclusion of the ballad. One of the girls from the district sniffled audibly, and Irene Earle fearlessly dabbed her moist eyes several times with a small lace handkerchief. Stacy Paget leaned his heavy body forward, and with his fat chin sunk between his palms and his elbows resting upon the table, gazed steadily at the Professor, who was again sitting idly at the piano and once more blowing cigarette rings at the dirty ceiling.

"Well, he got to me," the manager muttered. "That may be cheap stuff, but it got under my vest all right."

With an ever ready eye to the main chance, the Allen Brothers were quick to take advantage of Windle's success and hurriedly began to pass around their hats among the audience. After the collection had been made, the brothers were joined by the Professor and they adjourned to the barroom to count their earnings. When the contributions had been dumped on the table,

the first thing that caught the eyes of all the three men among the mass of dollar bills and silver was a small envelope.

Bud Allen, the elder of the brothers, picked it up and, having deftly felt the enclosure with his finger tips, whistled softly.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he gasped. "I saw the skirt that put that in and I thought it was a joke, but it ain't no joke—it's her pay envelope." Raising the envelope to the light, he read aloud the name written across it: "Ivy Hettler." Then he started to tear it open, but Eddie Windle suddenly shot out his hand.

"Don't you open that, Bud," he whispered fiercely. "Don't you dare!"

Allen's hand closed tight about the prize.

"Don't open it!" he repeated. "Why, she's one of

there's some writing on it, but don't let the others get wise."

It was during this absence of the three young men from the concert room that Stacy Paget conceived a thought which immediately impressed him as a most masterly and in all probability a valuable one.

"I'll tell you what," he said, suddenly, turning to Ivy and speaking in a low voice so that the rest of his party could not hear, "I've got a great idea. That last scene in our show is no good and never was. Why not make it an interior instead of the outside of the café and give a reproduction of a show like this. I could get this boy to play the piano and sing, and some of our girls could do their stunts and supply the local color. They certainly seem to act as if they knew all about it."

Paget's brain was still busy with this new idea, when



"Just look at the way Ivy's sipping her wine"

those girls from the show at the Dauphine. There must be twenty-five in it anyway. I guess you're crazy, ain't you, Eddie?"

Windle leaned far across the table, and in the Professor's eyes Bud Allen saw a light that he had never remembered to have seen there before.

"No," Windle said, speaking very quietly, "I'm not crazy. You take that envelope back and give it to the girl that put it in the hat, and do it now! Do you get me?"

With a reluctant shrug of his shoulders, Bud Allen got up from the table. "All right," he grumbled; "I guess it was that last song of yours that drew it anyhow." He interrupted himself with a chuckle and an appreciative wag of his head, and added: "And let me tell you, Eddie boy, that was some song."

THE pale lips of the Professor broke into the semblance of a smile. "Thank you, Bud. And, I say, give me that envelope for a moment, will you?"

Allen handed it to him, and with a pencil Windle scribbled a few words just under the girl's name.

"When you give her this," he said, "let her see

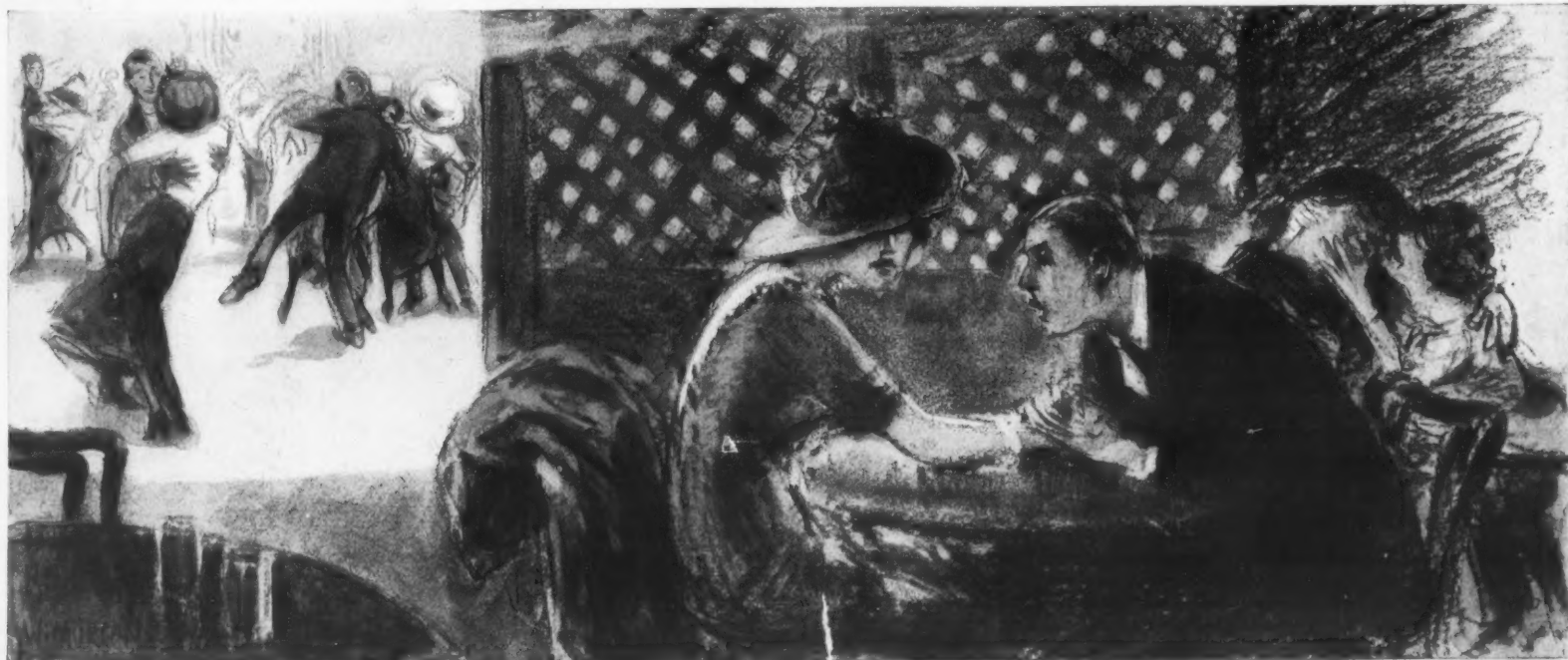
a few minutes later Ivy Hettler excused herself on the plea that she wished to speak to some of the girls in the back of the hall. In the confusion that reigned throughout the crowded room, it was not difficult for her to slip unnoticed through the side door to the street.

WHEN she saw the tall, lank figure of Eddie Windle, she gave a little cry of happiness and ran toward him with her hands held out before her, but the pleasure of the meeting seemed to be all with the girl.

"Not yet, Ivy," he said, keeping his hands stuck deep in his coat pockets. "Not just yet. I've got to have a few words with you first. There's something I want to ask you."

The girl looked at him with wide open eyes of wonder and disappointment. "Why, Eddie," she gasped, "I don't understand you at all. Why didn't you recognize me in there, and what did you mean by that song, anyhow? My, Eddie," and her eyes were smiling again with real enthusiasm, "but you did get it over, though. It was great and Paget wants to engage you to go with our show and sing it in a cabaret scene. Wouldn't that be fine?"

(Continued on page 32)

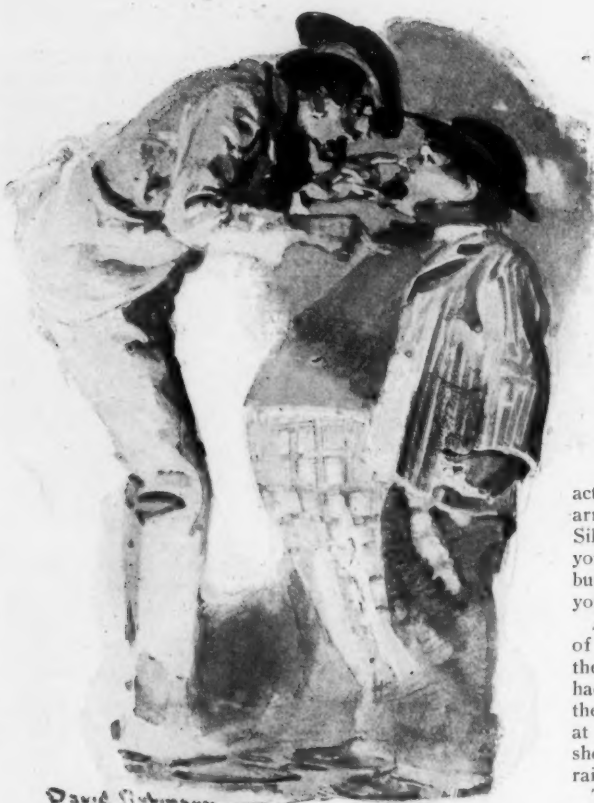


The look of happiness had suddenly faded from the Professor's face

THE ACTOR IN T

By VIRGINIA

ILLUSTRATED BY DAV



David Robinson

A gradual improvement in German comedians was reported from the road

WE SPEAK habitually of the actor and the audience as if they formed a natural antithesis. But often enough, of course, there are actors in the audience itself. You may be sure, at any performance, that an actor is always there if he can get there. What brings him? What does he, the professional, seek at the theatre? And what is there in his point of view toward what he finds which differentiates it from that of the general public, of the tired business man and the matinee girl, of the serious student of the drama, the commuter and the first-nighter, of all our old friends, in short, and even of the dramatic critic?

The actor's almost helpless addiction to going to the theatre is an old story. No matter how often he plays himself, no matter how often he sees other plays, he still rushes to see more. He complains when he is working twice a day in stock, for instance, of "living in the theatre"; but if he does get a free afternoon, it is to some other theatre that he speeds.

ONE young couple got back to their own home town for a single night, after a summer in such a stock and an early fall in the company of a star who was getting up a repertoire and rehearsed every day. In that one town the star forebore. They reached it in the morning and the young people appeared at the theatre for the night's performance, glowing with accounts of a day in which their cousins' new motor car had borne them to golf and luncheon at the country club; to the musicale of a celebrated foreigner; and then to a few old friends at tea time, by confidential candlelight and the autumn's first wood fire. The company had entertained itself with a matinee, discovered unexpectedly in the town. And the voices of the young couple grew fainter and fainter, till at length said the bride: "Why didn't you tell us there was a matinee?"

"Why!—your cousins—"

"Oh, yes. Well—of course, they wouldn't expect to interfere with a matinee."

"But," people ask, "doesn't an actor's knowledge of the way the wheels go round, even his technical interest in how things are done, do away with the illusion? Is he not generally 'blasé' and his emotions hard to move?" The three-year-old daughter of a theatrical family was in the audience at one of those unseemly Shakespearean performances where they still kill people right out on the stage. The baby was a fluent commentator and very free with the secret of her identity; and when her own mother fell a victim to villainy and died flat upon the boards, chatty ladies round about said to the child, who had begun to cry bitterly: "Oh, poor mamma! See, the bad man stabbed her! Aren't you sorry for poor mamma?" To which the infant of the stage, shaking with sobs and streaming with tears, responded: "No'm. She det up adain!" But the point of the anecdote, you see, is the no less copious grief of this philosopher.

WHEN Matilda Herron was a star, the play of "Little Em'ly" was still new. The eminent "Camille" had, of course, a box; and in the middle of the big scene where Rosa Darte berates Em'ly and finally flings her to the ground, both the actresses concerned were horrified by the vision of an irate lady, rising, leaning over the box rail and calling to the injured heroine: "Come here to me, my dear, and I'll protect you!" Flowers and apologies followed, in the dressing room, this somewhat excessive lack of the blasé in an honored actress already old.

There is always something unconvincing in what happened years ago. But Charles Klein's "The Third Degree" is an affair of yesterday. And on the first night, in the first row, an actress of ten years' hard experience sat, during the actual "third degree" scene, with her hands gripping the arms of her chair to keep herself from crying out. "Now, Silly!" said she to herself, "if you give way and squeak, you'll not only make a monumental idiot of yourself, but but you'll ruin the very acting that's working you up—you'll kill the piece!"

And still she felt in all her nerves that she was the witness of an outrage and that something ought to be done. After the piece, meeting in with some professional friends who had sat in the first row of the balcony, she asked one of them about this scene. "Oh, I don't know, I couldn't look at it. A woman near me fainted; and I was so afraid I should, too, and make a fuss, I just stared at the balcony rail."

The actor goes to the theatre, like everyone else, for pleasure. He gets his own sort of pleasure out of very poor plays, if they have any acting in them, and when he is more duly pleased, why, he is pleased out of all whooping. Of all the silly gabble that ever was gabbled, never was there any more silly or more false than that the actor is not a cordial audience.

Nevertheless what he decries, he does not always decry as impersonally as could be wished. He is, like most people, only too prone to measure other performances with his own and to find the measure short. As a rule, it is not the successful actor who is the hardest to please. He is nearer to the managements. He knows how much things cost (mere tea sets, sunsets, electric storms) in care and money. He applauds mechanical contrivances, efficient management of mobs and mountains, taste, liberality—"the fortune that C. F.'s spent on those women's dresses!" He has no need, either, to attract attention to himself like a certain obscure Irish comedian who longed for the crown of poetic tragedy and used to say loudly, upon every mention of Richard Mansfield, "There's a gold-brick actor!" As people mentioned Mansfield quite frequently, and the tag was inevitable, the comedian became identified with it and built himself quite a bit of notoriety.

The popular man is much more easily relaxed and amused than the strenuous or needy searcher after salary, after opportunity, who sees them both behind the footlights secure in other hands.

To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope—

Surely that was written of the artist, real or self-deceived, who sees his youth and the few good parts of a season with equal rapidity flying from him, while all about him the audience applauds a cast where he is sure that not only could he have done better—now, prejudice aside!—than Black with the heavy part; but that the comedian is nothing like so clever as his friend White, nor Miss Rose a patch, as an ingénue, on the dear little girl at his boarding house, whom the star got rid of out of pique. Like enough, heaven knows, he speaks the truth! None the less, to "feed on hope" does send him to the theatre with an impaired digestion and a point of view more suspicious than that of the popular favorite.

Unless the play's sensationally successful character is exactly in the popular favorite's own line! Then, indeed! Not that he decries himself by loud, coarse, greedy bragging, like the failure. No. He is, for the most part, silent. He even bestows reserved, conditional praise. He looks upon the enthusiast with a mild, sweet, tolerant superiority; drops a humorous

comment; and by some brief, kind phrase, descriptive of how it ought to be done, the specialist in lovers, or football players, or delirium tremens, puts the newcomer in his place.

When Weber and Fields were new lights on Broadway, their famous Tuesday matinees drew in from all the surrounding companies the vaudeville teams that were, or aspired to be, of their own sort. These were, naturally, tremendously curious to see what apotheosis of themselves had captured the fancy of the big town. And while great tragedians and comic opera stars tumbled over each other to crowd in through those widely opened doors, while the very roof seemed lifting with their delight, it is said that these explorers from vaudeville were never pleased. But if between the acts they went out to scoff, they returned to observe; and a gradual improvement in German comedians was reported from the road.

FROM the road! That calls up the grim face of another sort of critic—the most fastidious, the most implacable—the face of Youth. Youth is often spoken of as if it were easy to please. Well, what it admires, it admires. But it is not to be put off with sunsets. When it has been starved out on a season of one-night stands and returns to town with "L'Aiglon" in its pocket and "Hamlet" in its heart, to weigh for itself the goods being delivered by an indifferent, an impenetrable, a frivolous metropolis, it sits well back with serious and formidable eyes which stare wide at the coming performance, saying: "Now! Show me!"

Some years ago two young people came in from a tour of Pennsylvania mining towns, lying off for Holy Week. A friend got them all the passes possible, and the first performance on view was the production of "Under the Red Robe" at the Empire Theatre. The cast reads, now, like a fairy tale: Miss Viola Allen, Miss Ida Conquest, Mr. William Faversham, Mr. Robert Edeson, Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, Mr. W. K. Crompton, Mr. William Farnum, Mr. J. E. Dodson, with other names of scarcely less repute. Now, the visitors were fresh from an "Othello" in which the two ladies of the company, not in the cast, put on "something fancy" and walked about the stage act after act, representing the entire population of the city of Venice. In their "Hamlet," the young man of the party had his



The audience of actors strikes its differentiating note with the prof

N THE AUDIENCE

GINIA TRACY

ED BY DAVID ROBINSON



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time occupied by appearing as the Ghost, the Second Grave-digger, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (a composite photograph!). And their hostess looked to see them creep forth from "Under the Red Robe," crushed and exalted, dazzled yet consoled. And consoled they certainly were, for the young man voiced their mutual comment: "Well, when I see what people'll go crazy over on Broadway, I don't think we put things on so badly after all!"

Thus, the idealist who learns to stand on his own feet sometimes grows unconsciously to assume that other people have none. The mere dazzle in his eyes of the sun of popularity makes him squint. In a packed audience an actress sat next to the first actor who had ever given her any sort of training; and who still, in provincial ways, in popular-priced theatres, kept a just, an exquisite faith, with a very rare talent, a very delicate and tender art. And as the play went on and the happy homage of the great audience rose in a richer and still richer incense, it became more and more insistent to her that the gifts of the star on the stage and the actor at her side were singularly close relations. The homely and the poetic, mirth and its mist of tears, were blessedly blended in the one man's work and in the other's; only they brought so much to one and to the other so little! So presently, her ardor outrunning her discretion, she said impulsively to her friend: "You know this, to-night, is the sort of recognition you ought to have! There's no reason in this world why you shouldn't be doing just the same kind of thing that Warfield is." And he turned upon her a startled, stricken face of unfeigned horror. "As Warfield!" he exclaimed. Scorn and disdain rode mantling on his brow!

BUT there is another and prettier version of a talent buried in the audience. An actress, not a star, played a star part in a new piece on the road. The author, the company, the public, the critics were enchanted with her. The news of her success went tingling through the veins of her profession, which awaited with interest her triumph when the play should be brought into New York the next autumn. And, in New York, the great management which had bought the play insisted, to the author's despair, upon putting one of its own stars into the part! On the first night the house was full of actors; and as they came and went,

between the acts, they beheld the disinherited leading woman sitting alone at the back of the house. She simply hadn't been able to keep away. And those that had been clapping on their hats for the street took them off again, profoundly. People came up to her with shining eyes and bowed over her hand like Portia's suitors. The buzz and stir of her presence went through the house like a Jacobite song in the Highlands; and the undertone, saluting her in every voice, said to her: "I know!" Thus, on that night when the play failed—for it did fail—the successful originator of the part sat quiet and a little embarrassed in the far depths of the house, breathing in homage, and held her faithful court.

The occasion, of course, when the actor is the audience, is the professional matinee. That is to say, when it is the genuine professional matinee, now almost extinct, at which no seats are sold to the public. What a function! What an audience, even to itself! What a meeting of the waters that have so recently flowed through such diverse countries, running together here with rampant expectation and polite murmur, "and for to seie and eke for to be seie!"

There are the boxes full of real celebrities looking abnormally sweet and unconscious; the women in all the costliness of soft and simple gowns. There is the chorus girl, with plumed and rhinestone-buckled cart-wheel hat and gold purse, who calls from seat to seat, between the acts, anecdotes of the star, in which "I said to Willie—" or "Ethel and I, we—" There are handsome, highly popular young gentlemen, with their hair as flat as paint, all pressed and laundered and clipped and brushed, molded by fashion and glazed by form, and fainting with fear of looking like actors; deeply distinguished older men, very easy-going, with brilliant, humorous, wise eyes; pretty women, of course, in unparalleled profusion; shrill, peroxidized, knowing children towing the clamorous pomp of vigilant mothers; gentlefolk of all conditions, inconspicuous as the smooth metal in which gaudier stones are set; jaunty, peevish-looking boys, who have grown too old to play comic lovers and never grown sufficiently to play anything else; successful ingénues in pale and softened tailor-made quiet elegance, fit to die of a rose in aromatic pain; old staggers, in shirt waists and ulsters, bent on seeing the piece; serious, critical young people, from companies playing near-by towns, restive with ambition and a sense of being out of place; stock leading ladies, magnificent in old stage clothes and exuding a faint odor of gasoline—in fact, every type of actor except the long-haired, frock-coated rhetorical actor, who is now presented to us (with an observation about as accurately modern as if it drew a suffragette in corkscrew curls and bloomers) only in the illustrations of our leading journals.

THE passing away of rhetoric, however, has not left us destitute of an ideal. An ideal which bears sufficiently strange fruit, here and there about the house, in the quaint green plaids or bright spats in which young fellows have taken passionate care to emulate some Englishman whose appearance they had perhaps admired, originally, because it was so careless. Through the boiling froth of conversation, which buzzes and bubbles between the acts, this English ideal voices itself in the women's ascending twitter and the soft gabble of the men. And these cherished accents, forming quite an entertainment in themselves, emanate sometimes from the genuine islanders, who become more and more markedly British the longer they stay away from home, and sometimes from sedulous American mouths, repeating, like paternosters: "Of course, we can



David Robinson

Seeming to shield the stage from sacrilegious eyes with her own person

never be like them. But be as like them as we're able to be!" Occasionally, however, some lady who has made a success in a Southern part is unable to wean herself from that plaintive cadence; or the leading man from Los Angeles, who has not yet learned that an "r" is almost as bad as not being ashamed of having played in Shakespeare, lets loose that letter in some vigorous statement, on a deep note of his voice, and shakes the social dream to its foundations. They will get in the "r's" and "g's" and falling inflections of the rude aborigines—to prove to the foreigner that, as a British province, Broadway is not yet entirely annexed.

HOWEVER, these pleasing blends of Piccadilly and Pittsburgh are not really very different from those which greet the ear on any night when Society itself illumines the auditorium. The audience of actors strikes its differentiating note with the profound, thrilled silence in which it beholds the curtain rise. Of course, there are gusty moments, especially during the first act, when the play has to be interrupted by volleys of applause, welcoming the entrance of each player. And if there happens to be in the cast, whether there is a star or not, one of those actors' actors who can simply do no wrong, who—never, very likely, a favorite of the public—is the real thing and the prime workman to his mates, then, indeed, "the trumpet to the cannoner without, the cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth" were nothing to it. Almost articulately they call: "This is your day, old man! We're with you. You're not going to be left to the mob this time. Here are your witnesses!" This enthusiasm is no more than punctuated, here and there, by some erect, immovable figure, some road star of Jekyll and Hyde or the Corsican Brothers, who maintains a judicial frown rather than be overborne. He is, indeed, practically blotted out by the beautiful and popular lady, all wrinkling gloves and dripping furs and willow plumes, who hangs in ecstasies of approval of everything so far over the box rail that one might almost think she wished to shield the stage from sacrilegious eyes with her own person. But these bubbles presently subside; they have been no more than the relief of that passionate attention which, from the very first moment of a professional matinee, animates the play. Perhaps, if the run has been long, last night the performance dragged a little. But upon this attention it rides to-day with the happy and confident zest of a man who suddenly changes his mount for the most willing and sensitive of thoroughbreds. Or who, having pulled upstream, turns home again, upon the current and the wind. "Ah!" said John Hare in his speech at the professional matinee of "The Gay Lord Quex," when that play was in its first furor of acclaim. "Ah, if it could go like this at night!"

So that, if the performance be a fine one, by the end of the crucial act all sympathies are fused and everything grudging is melted away. The actor in the audience has momentarily forgiven A—for playing that part he wanted himself; the actor on the stage has forgotten that while he was making-up he said, "Well, if B— still thinks he's got his corner in Indian chiefs, he'll have all the feathers out of my headdress!"

AND as the star with his, or her—it is rather apt to be her—company about her bows to the calls that have blended to an ovation, mark something unorthodox in the bow! Where is the heaving throat, the rolling eye, the weary smile, the blushing pride, the ineffable modesty, swept gracefully to a night audience? And what is the little thrill, mocking, secure, friendly, triumphant, which runs from glance to glance of the circle on the stage till it shines out of the star's eyes and goes through the audience, candidly, challengingly, exultingly, searchingly; not pleading that the drama's laws the drama's patrons give,

(Continued on page 34)



ing not with the profound, thrilled silence in which it beholds the curtain rise



INDIAN SUMMER



By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN PALEOLOGUE



Instead of a girl with flowers on her head I found Deering

IT WAS one of those warm and showery days of April when the immuring brick and stone of the city seemed like the walls of a prison that Richard Deering first appeared at my door.

When the three Moorish bells had tinkled out their musical Moorish discord I turned away from the open window and the pearl mist that hung over the wet tin roofs, and stared with languid discontent toward that door.

It was a model, I told myself, for it was nearly always a model in that high-ceilinged old studio building where at least two dozen of us toiled at art like so many tinkers in their booths. I scarcely know whether it was the Corotlike pearl mist or the humid hothouse warmth of the world or the outlandish Moorish bell tinkle, but something touched my tired spirit into sudden Aprilian lightness. And I hoped that the applicant at my door would be a girl, a slender and limpid-eyed girl in white lawn and with flowers in her hat. It seemed only fitting, with all the world yearning and bursting toward the rapture of living, that one's visitor should be something ardent-eyed and youthful-bodied, with the joy of life valiantly burgeoning from her innocent vernal headgear.

WHEN I opened the door, however, instead of finding a girl with flowers on her head, I found Richard Deering with his hat in his hand.

I found the sorriest figure that the tides of life could wash up on the shores of mischance. The sorriest he seemed, for he stood there such a wreck of what he must once have been! He reminded me of a last year's bird's nest.

There was something autumnal about the seediness of his attire, about the dingy hat with its abraded brim, about the shiny and threadbare frock coat that adorned the gaunt figure. This figure itself was upstanding and wide-shouldered enough. But every calamitous line of it was still eloquent of fruition, of exhaustion, of something gone to seed. About its very erectness there was something pathetic, something too vocal of the fact that its valor was factitious. And his voice itself when he spoke was funereal, a husky and wintry ghost of a voice that made me think of a December wind in a Florentine cypress top.

"Do you use models?" he wistfully asked. Yes, I somewhat petulantly reminded myself, I could have used a model in that last pearl-mist hour of an idle April afternoon. But it would have to be a blithe-lipped Ariel floating in blossomy laughter and touched with the sunny lightness of meadow birds.

"Sometimes," I answered, with my hand still on the door knob, for I was studying his solemn and shadowy eyes.

"Could I be of service to you?" And he put the

question almost automatically, with a calm hopelessness that carried its own answer.

"Who sent you to me?" I temporized.

"No one," he acknowledged. "I was merely looking for work, sir."

"But what," I inquired, "is your line?"

He seemed puzzled by the question. The great gaunt face was clouded by a frown of perplexity. He put forth an expostulatory arm, as though to argue his adeptness, but I cut short his gesture.

"Are you a professional model?"

The funereal eyes were fixed on me as the funereal black shoulders were thrust back into their forlorn line of dignity. It was like the wing stir of a caged eagle.

"I have been on the stage, sir," he solemnly intoned. "I have never posed before, it is true. But I hoped that my career as an actor might have equipped me for—for a kindred art!"

"It very seldom does, I'm afraid," was my deliberately candid and none too encouraging retort.

There was no resentment on his lean and hungry face as he essayed his courtly bow.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you, sir," he said. I watched him as he turned mournfully away.

IT HURT me, in some nameless manner, to see him go. There was something so poignant, so arresting, about that autumnal figure that I found myself moved by it even against my will. Inured as I was to the importunities of the needy, I could not find the heart to dismiss him in that blunt manner.

"Will you step inside?" I found myself saying. And with a look of wistful wonder he stepped into the studio. He stood there, solemn and gaunt, a blur of gloom enflamed by the gayeties of color from my wall canvases.

"Won't you sit down?" I said, motioning him toward my most comfortable chair. And he solemnly seated himself, placing his hat on the floor beside him.

"Have you given up the stage?" I asked him, wondering just how to begin.

"No-o!" he hesitated. "I have not precisely given it up!"

"But you prefer posing?" I went on.

"I was looking for something to—to tide me over, as it were," was his answer.

I studied his face in the unequivocal strong light of the unshaded studio window. And in that betraying light I saw what I had not seen before. The man was ill. It was ten to one, I told myself, that he was ill and weak from sheer want of food.

That a man should go hungry in a city of such waste seemed almost incomprehensible to me. But such seemed to be the case.

"By the way," I announced with an innocent glance at the clock, "this is my afternoon tea time." And I casually filled my copper teakettle and lighted the al-

cohol lamp. Then on my old taboret, freckled with cigarette burns, I put out a sherry decanter, a plate of biscuits, and cream cheese and wafers. The solemn eyes watched me as I did so.

"Will you join me?" I carelessly inquired. The light in those solemnly wistful eyes of his reminded me of a neglected animal too sternly disciplined in the past to think of protest.

"With great pleasure, sir," he replied. So I swung the taboret out between us, brewed the tea, and made a pretense of falling to.

MY VISITOR did not eat ravenously, as I had expected and had even half hoped. He ate solemnly and steadily, munching each cheese-covered biscuit with an unctuousness that translated avidity out of mere animalism.

He permitted me to fill his cup, acknowledging the attention with one of his courtly bows. But he continued to eat with the studious concentration of a hungry child. There were polite hesitations, there were half-hearted moments of reluctance, to be sure. But they were nothing more than a sop to convention. He ate, in fact, until the taboret top was as bare as a tombstone. And I saw that my surmise had not been wrong. The man was almost famished.

"I believe, after all," I said as I once more filled his cup, "that I could use you now and then. But the trouble is, I'll only have two or three weeks more in the city. I'm packing for a year or so in Europe—and the studio here will be taken by a china painter from Syracuse."

"I'd be glad of anything," he humbly acknowledged.

"Has it been a bad season?" I ventured.

"A terrible season, sir, a terrible season!" he heatedly declared. I remembered that every season in that world of his seemed to be a terrible one. There were the stars with Broadway engagements, of course, who smoked in their clubs and ate their suppers in bemirrored restaurants and visited their photographers and telephoned for their motor cars, who might be finding it the best of seasons. They were having their brief hour, and when an actor has his hour all the world knows about it. But here, I told myself, was one of the underdogs, one of the army about which the outside world hears and knows little, the army of proud-spirited, easy-going, empty-handed children who haunt the back corners of rooming houses and make the rounds of the agencies as feverishly and foolishly as a hyena making the rounds of his cage.

"What's made this a terrible season?" I asked.

HE TURNED slowly about and faced me. The lines of his face deepened. The look of revolt about the flaccid old mouth became almost vindictive.

"The same thing that is ruining the stage, sir," he burst forth. "The same thing that has degraded our noble art of acting!"

(Continued on page 24)



"He was like a crazy man. He stormed and railed at me, at everyone"



Mothers say: We want to give our families the right foods. We want to be sure that everything which they eat is pure and wholesome, but HOW CAN WE KNOW?

How Crisco Was Made Possible

The universal need for such a product

Its remarkable qualities



WITHOUT your realizing it perhaps, a radical change in the principal cooking fats, butter and lard, has taken place.

So gradual has this change been, that, except for the constantly higher prices which she has to pay, not one woman in a thousand realizes that it has taken place.

As much as forty years ago, the population of the country outgrew the supply of butter and lard. Something had to be provided.

In the effort to meet the demand for more butter, butter which had turned rancid was renovated and sold; beef fat then was added to butter; then mixtures containing absolutely no butter were used. In 1911, over 140 million pounds of renovated butters and butter substitutes were sold.

In the making of lard, to increase the supply, first the inferior parts of the hog were used; beef and mutton fats were mixed with lard; then cottonseed oil was added. Still the supply was inadequate and substitutes containing absolutely no lard were made. The Government figures for 1911, show the astounding fact that a larger quantity of compounds and substitutes were registered than lard itself.

You will notice that in making up the growing deficiency in butter and lard, producers were compelled to resort to less and less desirable fats. This was because the only fats and oils available either were not pure, or were mixtures which quickly "separated" and turned rancid, or burned at too low a temperature or imparted a decidedly disagreeable odor or flavor to foods.

Never before had such a need for a uniformly pure, high grade and economical cooking fat existed.

A Scientific Discovery Which Changed the Situation Completely

In 1908, an important scientific process was discovered which changed the situation completely. By this process it was possible to make an entirely new cooking fat.

The first step was to determine what the ideal fat must be. To do this, laboratory kitchens were established and both animal and vegetable fats were tested. Butter, lard, goose grease, chicken fat, olive oil, cotton-

seed oil and cocoanut oil were used in many ways and the advantages and disadvantages of each were determined from results.

What the Ideal Fat Must Be

For Healthfulness: The ideal fat must be strictly vegetable.

For Frying: The ideal fat must stand a much higher temperature than does butter or lard.

For Shortening: The ideal fat must be uniform and it must be delicate and rich so that it can be used for cake-making as well as for pastry.

For Economy: The cost of the ideal fat must be reasonable, so that everyone can secure a pure fat at a moderate price.

After four years of experimenting, a cooking fat was produced, in which every desirable feature was secured. This new fat is strictly vegetable; in making cake and pastry, you actually can get better results than with butter and at half the cost; in frying, you can heat it very much hotter than you can lard without causing it to burn or smoke.

This new product has been analyzed by the proper bureau of the United States Government and it was acknowledged to be an entirely new fat as it did not answer any of the tests for fats already existing. We named it Crisco. It is the only solid fat in general use, which comes under the Pure Food Law instead of the Meat Inspection Law.

The discovery of Crisco has awakened a truly remarkable interest. Finding it hard to believe that its many extraordinary advantages were possible, hundreds of people have written us,

asking question after question about it.

Some of the Questions

Is Crisco healthful?

Crisco, on account of its pure vegetable origin, is more healthful than any animal, or partially animal fat.

Can Crisco really be used in cake-making?

Crisco makes cake even more delicious than it can be made with butter. It gives it a softer, finer texture and will stay fresh and moist, twice as long.

Is Crisco economical when used as you would lard?

Crisco goes further, lasts longer than lard. Foods fry in Crisco so quickly, that a crust forms instantly, and prevents absorption. Often after using Crisco for deep frying, when pouring the Crisco back, it looks as if it will overflow the can, so little has been absorbed. Crisco does not absorb either odors or flavors, does not discolor or burn. Strain Crisco through cheese

cloth and it can be used and re-used, two or three times as often as lard.

Why is it that Crisco fried foods are not greasy?

As Crisco stands a much higher temperature than does butter or lard, foods fry in it more quickly.

A crust forms instantly, which is the secret of the crispness and flakiness of foods fried in Crisco. Letters have been received from over a hundred women commenting on the improvement Crisco has made in their doughnuts.

What is the best way to use Crisco?

Do not keep Crisco in the refrigerator. Like butter, it hardens quickly with cold, but works perfectly at the usual room temperature. For cake, use a little less than you would of butter; for pastry, one-fifth less than lard. When used instead of butter, add salt. In making pastry, cut Crisco into the flour; use as little water as possible and handle lightly.

Should your results not be wholly satisfactory, try varying your way of using Crisco. Crisco has been tested so exhaustively, that it can reasonably be said that unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product. Most women follow their usual recipes and secure remarkable results.

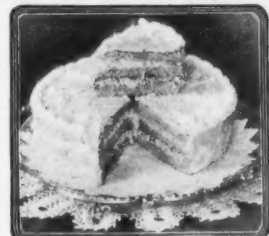
Use it throughout your cooking and never again will you have to depend on the ordinary cooking products. You will be able to give your family dainty, delicious, perfectly wholesome and pure foods.

If your grocer does not yet keep it, you probably will find it in other stores in your neighborhood; if not, on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin, we will send you, charges prepaid, a regular 25c package. Write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. Not more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

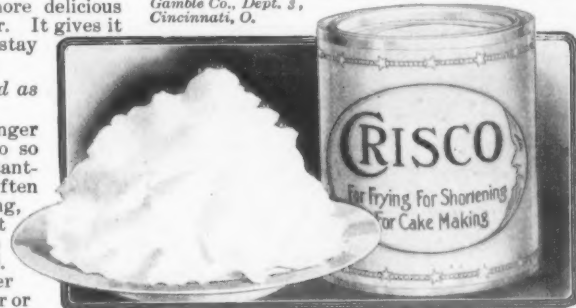
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THE choice of varnish lies with you—who pay the bills.

And since there is such wide variation in the quality of different makers, you should never fail to exercise that right of choice.

You should know the name and label of one good, reputable manufacturer.

Then see that it is used or specified for all your work.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes are made for every need.

The label is the same on all of them—with the name of each kind shown at the top.

The reason there are different kinds is because there are many different uses for varnish, and no one kind or formula is suited to all—just as no one medicine is efficacious for all ills.

If you have floors to finish, the right kind to use is Berry Brothers' "Liquid Granite"—the best known and best wearing floor varnish ever made.

For general interior woodwork you will get the hand-somest results by using Berry Brothers' "Luxury Berry Wood Finish"—which can be rubbed (dull) or polished or left in the natural gloss as you choose.

On the woodwork of bath-rooms, for window sills and in kitchens Berry Brothers' "Elastic Interior Finish" has the necessary quality to resist the action of hot water, soap and exposure.

Your outside doors, porch ceilings, screen doors and other surfaces exposed to the weather require the extra durability and proper drying qualities of Berry Brothers' "Elastic Outside Finish."

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It is not necessary that you remember the names of these various kinds. Simply make sure of the Berry Brothers' Label. Your dealer or painter can tell you which kind your work requires.

Don't simply ask for varnish. Always say "Berry Brothers." The label is easily recognized.

Write for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all users, large and small.

Berry Brothers, Ltd.
Established 1858

Factories—Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont.

Indian Summer

(Continued from page 22)



A slender-bodied girl, of about sixteen, on whose face I could plainly see protest and horror

"What's that?" I queried. "Those moving-picture contraptions!" he retorted. "This mania for what they call the canned drama! The canned drama! Brrrrh!" And his head shook with that inarticulate cry of disgust.

An accidental pose of that fiery old face as he spoke caught my eye. I began to see that he had possibilities.

"I believe that I could use you for a charcoal sketch," I told him as I stepped out and swung my easel into place. "I can use you now if you keep just as you are—and, of course, if you can give me an hour or so!"

"By all means, as long as you wish," he answered in his pompous boom. And I set to work while the mobd was on me, for I knew the light would not last much longer.

"It's not very often that I can use men," I explained as I drew. "My work calls mostly for women."

He looked up at this.

"You could use women?" he asked.

"I do use them," I admitted.

He cleared his throat, paused, grew reflective, and again cleared for action.

"I was wondering if—if my wife might chance to suit you," he finally ventured.

"What's she like?" I asked, intent on my work. Yet I could see him look sharply about at my question, as though to make sure it was not an impertinence.

"She was a very beautiful woman," he said, and he said it with a childlike simplicity that made it pathetic.

"Is she on the stage with you?" I asked, trying to picture what the struggles of that strange couple could have been.

"Not of late," he pensively admitted.

"The fact is, she's not overly strong. She'd be better out of New York, her doctor tells me. But I have been tied down here. And she would not go without me, I'm afraid."

I began to understand the situation.

"Could she pose for me?" I asked.

"I think she would like it," he announced with blithe solemnity.

"Could you send her to my studio here, say to-morrow at nine?"

I saw the look of anxious doubt that crossed his seamed old face, and for a moment it troubled me. Then I remembered the fact that I was disregarding a fixed habit of the profession. The day, with them, only began with noon.

"Or perhaps two in the afternoon would be better?"

"If it would be the same to you," was his courtly rejoinder.

And as I worked away at my drawing—and an atrociously bad study it proved to be—he told me a little of his past life, of the Shakespeare repertoire with which he had once been successful on the road, of the later melodramas in which he had been compelled to play, of the decline of the dollar houses, of an unhappy excursion or two into vaudeville, of the increasing difficulties confronting an actor of the old school. They wanted only "types" now, he complained. Stage acting was no longer an art; it was a trade. He spoke wistfully of the days of McCullough and Barrett and Booth, of those golden days when an actor was an actor, when

people still looked to the boards for the beauty and sonority of the English language. Nowadays they paid two dollars to hear a dancing comedian sing ragtime through his nose, to see a divorce court celebrity trail a \$500 gown through a transplanted French farce!

"I should think you'd give up the stage, you'd turn to something else!" I mildly suggested, as I sat back and waited for him to round out one of his Johnsonian periods.

"What is there to turn to?" he asked with the wistful helplessness of a child. And in the ways of the world, I knew, he was still a child.

IT was promptly at two o'clock the next afternoon that Richard Deering's wife came to my studio. She was a small blonde with a faded little smile and a petite regularity of feature. The very clothes that she wore, only too plainly the residuary makeshifts of earlier stage costumes, carried the same sense of incongruous blitheness. The one vital and unfaded thing about her were her eyes, and these were still ardent and infantile. They were the bluest eyes I have ever seen, a mild cerulean blue, as serene and soft as any April sky.

I had craftily delayed ordering in luncheon so that she might be compelled to join me in that midday meal. And this she did, a little timidly, eating with the fastidious haste of a hungry bird. It was not until she had taken a second glass of Madeira that she began to talk. Then she talked with that frankness which I have so often remarked in women of the stage whose lives are lived in candid and daily contact with men.

She told me more, perhaps, than she had intended. I am afraid that after I had "placed" her—and she was openly disappointed that it was not on the model throne—I even encouraged her to be communicative. She talked mostly of her husband, of how hard he had worked and how long he had studied. She acknowledged, thanks to the Madeira, that they were quite at the end of their rope. And Richard had felt so proud of his art, and was now so hopeless about getting an engagement.

"But why shouldn't he get work?" I maintained, depressed by the thought that such a fine figure of a man should find no foothold on the stage of the day, the possessor of an art to which years of study must have gone should find himself of no possible use in the world.

SHE looked across the studio at me with her wide and infantile blue eyes.

"They say Richard's old-timey," she admitted, with the ghost of a sigh. "They all say the day of the romantic method has gone."

"But look at his voice," I declared, a little at sea as to what the romantic method meant. "Look at the volume and power he must have there!"

"Yes, he has a wonderful voice. But it doesn't seem the sort they want nowadays. They keep saying it went very well for the old-fashioned plays. But they claim the moving pictures have killed that kind of play, that the romantic drama's dead now!"

"It seems to me," I said as I went on



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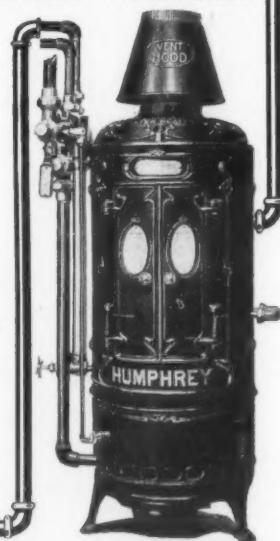
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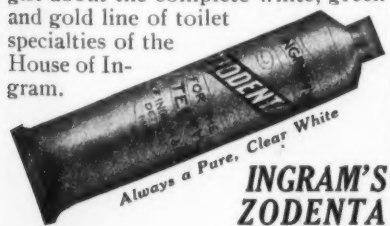
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Indian Summer

(Continued from page 24)

with my work, "those moving pictures have a lot to answer for."

"Yes, they've thrown a lot of good actors out of work," wistfully acknowledged the faded little woman.

"But surely, somewhere, there must be work for an intelligent and willing actor!"

"Richard has tried and tried. But nothing ever comes of it. He even had to give up the dollar houses. Then he tried Shakespeare in the aerodromes, and then a Hiawatha play he'd worked out for the open-air circuit. But even that failed!"

"Why?"

"Everybody seemed to go to the moving pictures. They said we were too old-fashioned and canceled our time."

"But what do they mean by old-fashioned?" I demanded.

"I'm afraid it's rather hard to describe," complained the little woman. "But one year you've an engagement and a good part and get good notices. Then something seems to happen, something you can't account for. But you wake up and find the younger people are taking your place, and saying you belong to the older school and have had your day!"

"But why should they say that of your husband?"

"I can't quite understand it all, but they complain that Richard's gestures are too theatrical, that his poses are too obvious. They call it barnstorming, nowadays. And it's second nature to Richard now. It's the only method he knows. He can't get rid of it!"

Her faded and babylike smile, as she spoke, carried home to me more poignantly than the most tragic posturing could have done the actual hopelessness of that forlorn couple. I had to bury my face behind the drawing, that she might not see my expression.

DURING all the rest of that month, as I quietly made ready for my year in Europe, I kept up a pretense of using the Deerings. My work suffered through them, as must all work into which the personal equation obtrudes itself. They were not professional models; they were not even adaptable. And, what was worse, they seemed to carry about with them an aura of foreordained failure, a blight of assured unsuccess.

It's a law of life that we must inure ourselves to those forces which too repeatedly or too poignantly assail our sympathies. I reached a state where I no longer worried actively and acutely about the Deerings. I no longer woke up at night laboring over the hopeless puzzle picture of their predicament. I became more impersonal in my contemplation of their faded careers.

And one result of this release was a portrait study I did of Richard Deering one sunny afternoon, a portrait of which I was rather proud. I was so proud of it, in fact, that I was blinded into letting Deering himself see it.

It was not until I watched his face as he studied the canvas that I actually comprehended what I had done. I had painted him as he was, a hopeless failure. I had memorialized his misery. I had elucidated and elaborated on his broken and useless life.

Deering studied the picture in silence. But I could see the tightening of the lines about that flaccid old mouth grown large and loose in the delivery of heroics. It was in silence, too, that he took his pay for posing, and left the studio. He never returned to it. He not only understood, but he understood that I understood!

DEERING never came back to the studio, but his wife did. I saw to it, however, that the picture was well out of sight before the time of her arrival. She seemed mystified by her husband's behavior, and sighed a little over his wayward moods.

A few days later she came to me with the startling news that Deering had a chance to "go on" with a vaudeville sketch, a very silly sketch called "The Jealous Husband," but it might after all give him the start he had been waiting for.

It was three days later that she came back to the studio with the dolorous information that Deering had refused to appear in "The Jealous Husband" when he found it was merely to be an interpolated number in a Harlem moving-picture hall. He refused to be in any way identified with the celluloid drama, as he contemptuously termed it.

It was a week later that she came to the studio again and acknowledged that her husband had found work as a "ballyhoo"

(Continued on page 28)



A Pleasant Way to Keep Well

THINK of building up blood, storing vitality and energy, aiding digestion, sharpening appetite, while enjoying the most refreshing and delicious of all beverages!

Which is exactly what you can do by drinking ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE—the grape juice that conserves for you all the wonderful health properties of the fresh fruit.

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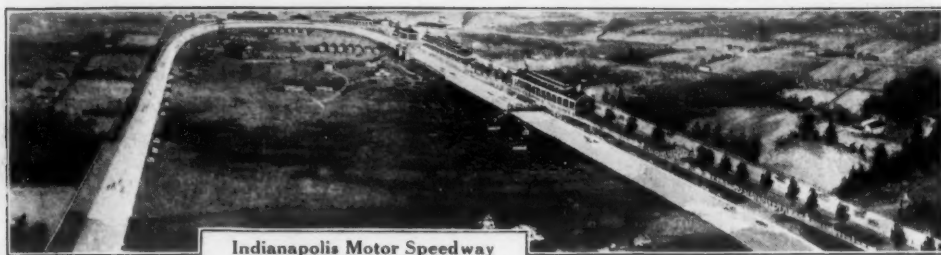
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If your dealer cannot supply you with Armour's, we will send you a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 127, Chicago.

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Indianapolis Motor Speedway

INDIANA

The Ultimate Motor

THE growth of the automobile industry has been so rapid that people in general have not had time to analyze some of the conditions that have aided in its phenomenal development.

Each industry naturally gravitates to the section of the country best suited to it. In the United States, the great bulk of automobile manufacturing is confined to the middle West, and when you reflect that Indianapolis is the center of population and the greatest inland shipping center of the country, making car shortage impossible such as at present is noticeable elsewhere, it is not to be wondered at that the automobile industry selected this location as the most favorable.

Indianapolis has seven steam railroads with fifteen divisions, running 88 trains daily. It is the biggest interurban railway center in the world. Taking into consideration the perfectly flat lay of the city, with its 177 miles of improved streets, one begins to see why Indianapolis has constituted itself the motor car center of the world.

Many people do not fully appreciate the fact that Indianapolis writes practically all of the world's automobile history, really worth while. Indianapolis has shown itself more willing than other cities to lend support to an automobile organization. As examples of this, there was the closing, with the consent of the city authorities, of three sides of the most important city block in Indianapolis, to make possible the now famous Indianapolis Circus Tent automobile show of 1912, and also

the building, by Indianapolis capital, of the greatest speedway in the world.

Ask the average Indianapolis motorist what ails your car and he will tell you because he understands mechanical diagnosis. Motor construction is second nature to the Hoosier mind. Indianapolis builds motor vehicles of every style and at every price. Whether you want a touring car, limousine, racing car, runabout, electric vehicle, motor truck or light delivery car, you can get it Indianapolis-made. You can make a complete car of any style from parts made in Indianapolis, and you can buy an Indianapolis-made automobile that conforms to your means.

Claiming the motor car championship does not mean that Indianapolis pretends to make more cars than any other city in the world, although only one other city at present exceeds her output. Her claim, which actual facts prove, is that as a city she wields more influence in the motor world than any other city and that the very nature of her growth makes her the ultimate motor car hub.

Commercial conscience imposes a limit on the number of motor cars which can be manufactured in a plant without impairing quality, and Indianapolis manufacturers recognize this limit. Indianapolis could not build cars up to the Indianapolis standard if she allowed her output to grow by quantity alone and did not make quality her first consideration. She has insisted that the growth be a healthful one. Indianapolis is building for the future as well as for the present; her aim is for permanency.

National 40

Comparison determines the value of motor cars. This is why there is today an increasing demand for National cars from people who are accustomed to \$6,000 quality and luxury. For twelve years the company that builds National cars has concentrated upon motor car construction with the result that today there is no greater comfort or service to be bought in any car at any price. Nationals cost \$2,600 to \$3,000. The National holds many world's records made in contests with cars costing much more. The National is the World's Stock Champion, an honor which alone places it above all other makes from all nations. A few of the characteristics of the National are: noiseless; long, low spacious bodies; deep luxurious upholstery; self starter; tire pump integral part of motor; 128 inch wheel base; forty horse power motor that develops 100 horse power; large tires; center control and left hand drive; access to both front doors; gas and electric lights; long resilient springs and indefatigable power accompanied by exclusive appearance and unexcelled buoyancy and ease in riding.

Stutz

When a manufacturer builds a new car, from the ground up, in eight weeks; enters that car in a Five Hundred Mile Speed event and finishes without a single mechanical adjustment, he has proven that his car is RIGHT. Then when he puts this same car on the market, in quantities, at \$2,000, he has proven that all the buyer pays above this price for a really good automobile is spent for meaningless frills and imaginary reputation.

And this is exactly the history of the Stutz car—"the car that made good in a day."

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And on top of all this evidence of mechanical perfection, the Stutz is one of the most stylish and slightly cars ever built. The price, \$2,000, is within your easy reach. You can see it at your nearest Stutz dealer, or if you are coming to the Five Hundred Mile Race at Indianapolis, May 30, watch the three Stutz entries, and see the finished cars at sales rooms.

THE IDEAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The New Henderson Car

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This price and style of car is being built by the Hendersons in response to a positive demand and gives the dealers handling Indianapolis made automobiles a car of a class that has long been needed and at a price that insures positive sales.

Here are some of the values that are given even at this price—4 1/2 x 5 1/2 motor, 116 inch wheel base—34 x 4 tires, dynamo electric lights—self starter—nickel plated.

All territory is open, and we are looking for high class representation. We will have demonstrators in Indianapolis during the five hundred mile race.

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The SCHEBLER Carburetor was introduced to the public in 1904. The first year of their manufacture, the output was 500 Carburetors. The demand has increased the production until the sales in 1911 amounted to over 250,000 instruments. There are to-day over 1,000,000 SCHEBLER Carburetors in use.

The universal use of the SCHEBLER Carburetor in this country and abroad, on all classes of internal combustion engines, has made the SCHEBLER known as the standard carburetor of the world.

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AMERICAN MOTORS COMPANY

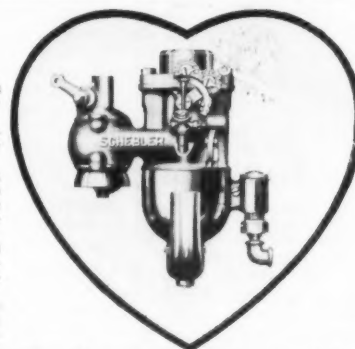
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One of the pioneer automobile manufacturers of Indianapolis known for years as builders of a strictly high-grade car at a price within the reach of the average automobile buyer.

This company has recently been reorganized and taken over by J. L. Handley and J. N. Willys, both men of prominence in the automobile world, and long associated with the largest companies in the country. The liberal policy pursued by both in dealing with users and sellers of motor cars, in connection with the high quality of cars manufactured by this company, indicates a brilliant future and augurs well for the growth of the motor car industry in Indianapolis.

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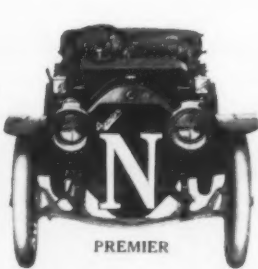
MARION MOTOR CAR CO., Manufacturers,
Indianapolis, U. S. A.



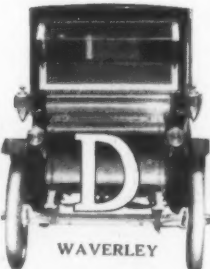
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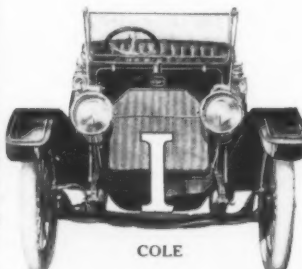
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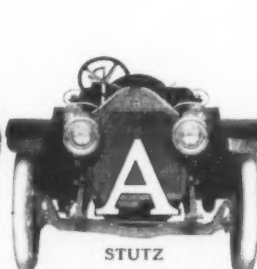
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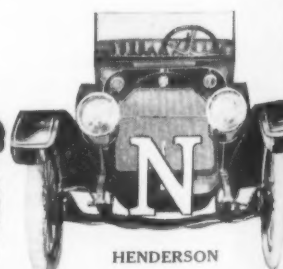
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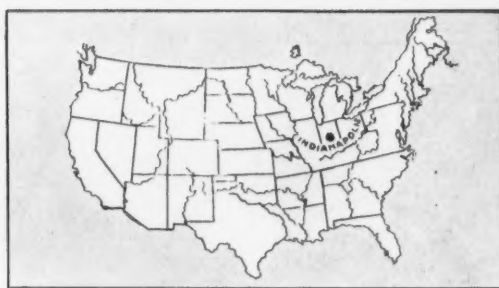
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Some Indianapolis Records

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Indianapolis holds more road, Speedway, and dirt track records than any other city in the world.

An Indianapolis electric holds the world's electric endurance record.

Indianapolis was the first to introduce the underslung car, now copied by many manufacturers. Indianapolis makes the only American internal gear-driven truck.

Indianapolis produces a low-priced touring car—a sensation in that field.

To Indianapolis goes the credit for riveting the attention of the public on the importance of "looking at the Chassis," and an Indianapolis maker originated the Toy Tonneau.

800 automobile tires, 1,000 bicycle tires, 800 motor cycle tires, and 3,500 inner tubes are made in Indianapolis each day.

On Decoration Day this year the eyes of the entire automobile world will be focused on Indianapolis. Enthusiasts will come from all over the land to witness the gruelling tests made by all makers at the Speedway.

Waverley Electric

Limousine for Town and Suburban Service

While Indianapolis builds many motor cars, the city's distinction lies no less in the class of the automobiles built than in the number. Leadership in artistic designs of high grade cars is claimed for the motor car hub of Indiana. The Silent Waverley Electric Limousine-Five is an example both of originality and of artistry in design that is unique in the history of automobile building. It is the first closed electric of five-passenger seat space having full view ahead for the driver. All round window space makes it as pleasant as a touring car for summer driving, while the fiercest blizzard of winter will not put it out of commission. Waverley elegance of fitting and furnishing, coupled with Waverley skill in body and mechanical designing, make the owner of the Limousine-Five the envy of one of all motor car users. The Waverley Limousine-Five and ten other electric car models are illustrated and described in the "Waverley Art Catalog," a copy of which will be sent free if you address

THE WAVERLEY CO., Department D, Indianapolis, Indiana

COLE

Indianapolis, the home of THE COLE, is soon to be the mecca of the automobile fraternity. If you're coming to the Five Hundred Mile Race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30, kill two birds with one stone, and visit the Cole factory.

The Cole has set next year's designs for other makers for the past three seasons. It has one of the quietest motors ever built—that's what even our competitors say. Then it has the famous Cole unit power plant, valves inclosed, and three point suspension. Of course, you are familiar with the kind of equipment carried by the Cole—only the recognized best.

The Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis is the largest individual manufacturer of motor cars in Indiana.

There is a Cole distributor or agent in your town. Go to him and he will be glad to show you the car that won the Massapequa trophy, Vanderbilt cup race—it's really, in our opinion, the best actual automobile value in America. Upon investigation you, too, will agree with us.

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"

It was The Marmon that first directed the attention of the world to the excellence of Indianapolis-made cars.

Victory after victory in long distance contests on track and road proved the superior design and construction of Marmon cars.

The Marmon won "The International Sweepstakes Race" May 30th, 1911. Pitted against over forty cars, among them the best and highest priced products of Europe and America, the Marmon covered the 500 miles at an average speed of 74.61 miles per hour, breaking world's records for 400 and 500 miles.

But greater than the glory that has come to The Marmon through its records in races is the reputation that these cars have won in year-after-year service in the hands of owners.

The luxurious, smooth-running, easy riding capability of Marmon cars in daily service, under all conditions, in all parts of the world, have proved beyond a doubt that Marmon victories are but demonstrations of the better value of every Marmon.

One chassis—a body style for every requirement. Touring car —\$2,750.

NORDYKE & MARMON CO., (Established 1851), Indianapolis, Indiana
Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

EMPIRE "25" "The Little Aristocrat"

a beautiful, five-passenger touring car—the big brother of The Famous Empire Roadster.

It has been aptly termed "The Little Aristocrat," because it is aristocratic both in appearance and performance. It is a masterpiece of mechanical construction. It has room enough and power enough to carry five people anywhere. It has speed of more than 40 miles an hour—no hills can stop it.

Many low priced cars, though highly efficient, have no more beauty of design than a tug boat. The EMPIRE "25" has the grace and dignity of a private yacht, and its beauty has not affected its high efficiency.

The same exclusiveness of appearance—the same factors making for comfort, safety, and durability that have made the big aristocrats so famous, are doing the same thing for the EMPIRE "25" "The Little Aristocrat." Aside from excessive size, it is in every other respect a reproduction of a \$5,000.00 car.

Price \$850.00 with standard equipment.

EMPIRE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Indianapolis, U.S.A.
Makers of Empires

MAIS

INTERNAL GEAR

A Claim No Other
Can Make

The MAIS is the only American truck which embodies the Internal Gear drive—the drive which has been universally adopted in Europe for commercial purposes, as by its use, chain troubles are entirely eliminated. Under the most favorable conditions chains lose 12 per cent of the power they are meant to transmit; when clogged with dirt and insufficiently lubricated, often lose as much as 50 per cent. The Mais drive however, which is enclosed and runs in grease, transmits at all times 94 per cent of the power to the rear wheels. Practically every part of the Mais is made in its home factory, and the materials used throughout its construction are chrome nickel steel. Other distinctive features are a very compact and simple power plant, long stroke motor, practically unwearable clutch, left hand drive and automatic governor limiting speed of the car. Besides being used for commercial purposes, the Mais truck has been adopted by Fire Departments throughout the country, and by the United States Government.

United States Tires

The G & J brand of United States Tires is manufactured in Indianapolis in one of the four immense plants operated by this Company.

As is well known, all United States Tires are made by a unique four-factory method that involves the intimate cooperation of the Company's four tire organizations in all matters pertaining to the manufacture of tires—size, design and quality.

The G & J plant is a contributing factor in this manufacturing policy. The long experience and privately-worked-out processes for tire improvements which were formerly utilized exclusively in the manufacture of G & J Tires, are now made a part of the larger four-factory policy that works for cooperative skill in the making of all United States Tires.

Thus Indianapolis is made an important part of the largest and most important tire company in the country, and contributes its share toward the world's "Good Tires."



'Tire-by Satisfied.'

Prest-O-Lite

"The Light Universal"

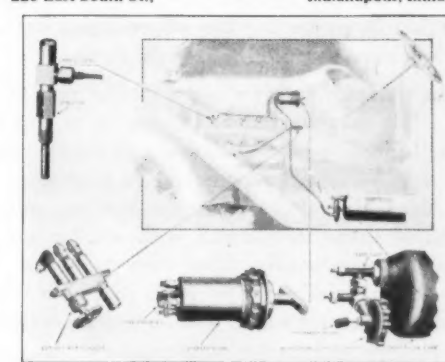
Wherever automobiles are used—there you will find Prest-O-Lite.

In practically every city, town or village in America, you will find the Prest-O-Lite Exchange Agency that assures you dependable service everywhere.

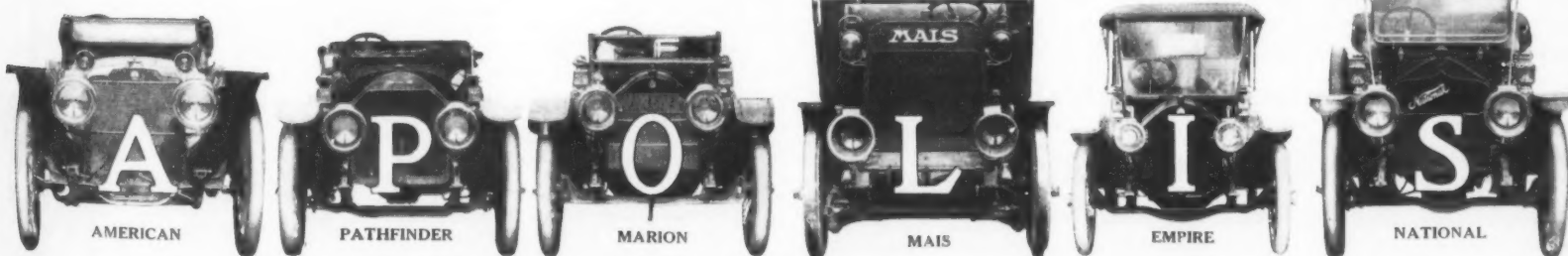
Over three hundred and fifty thousand cars carry the Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank which not only provides the best, safest and most economical light but opens the way to Prest-O-Lite, the ideal starting system. Any multi-cylinder car with Prest-O-Lite tank can be equipped with Prest-O-Lite; for four cylinders \$20, for six cylinders \$25; two way valve which enables you to use one tank for both starter and lights, \$1.50 extra.

The Prest-O-Lite Company also makes Prest-O-Tire Tubes, Prest-O-Tire Tanks, Prest-O-Welder and Prest-O-Liter. We will gladly send you information or you can ask any of the 15,000 Prest-O-Lite Agencies.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY
220 East South St., Indianapolis, Indiana



The Prest-O-Lite





Franklin Little Six

*A five-passenger, six-cylinder car
Thirty Horse Power*

The ideal "six" for men and women who drive their own cars.

A small light car, it solves the question of heavy up-keep.

Proper balance of weight and power makes it fast on hills and the level road.

In a small motor, the smoothness and flexibility of six-cylinder construction are very pronounced.

There is no feeling of "labor" at the slowest or fastest speeds on high gear. Power is continuous and vibrationless.

Franklin quality throughout including aluminum body which does not rust, check or crack.

Air cooling saves complication. Maximum simplicity and dependability are secured.

Twenty-eight hundred dollars at the factory.

Write for catalogue of all models

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y

Women and Children First!

THIS IS THE RULE OF THE SEA. So that on the Titanic, with courageous self-sacrifice, the men stood aside while the women and children filled the life boats and were pulled away from the sinking ship.

On this ship were many men who had insured their lives in the TRAVELERS, against just such disasters, for more than a million dollars. This is a great sum for any insurance company to have at risk in one disaster, but the TRAVELERS will meet it promptly, taking pride in the fact that in protecting the widows and orphans of such men it is doing the work it was put in the world to do.

In times of sudden disaster men rise to these supreme demands of life. But may we not call attention at this time to those everyday acts of self-sacrifice by which many of these men who went down, built up the legacies which now belong to those they have left behind. May we not think that after seeing the women and children safe, the minds of some of these men dwelt with satisfaction upon the help that would come to their families from their policies? And may we not think that the little hardships of meeting premium payments helped to build the kind of character which was able to meet this supreme test of courage?

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY as the pioneer accident insurance company of America, speaks at this time about the value of accident and life insurance with no feeling of impropriety. It believes that it is doing a good work in lessening the hardships which follow in the wake of any disaster, great or small and in paying losses unparalleled in the history of accident insurance, the TRAVELERS feels that it is its duty to remind men everywhere, that at all times it is "Women and Children First," and that men respond to that call when heeding the familiar

MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS

Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Assets, \$79,900,000. Liabilities, \$67,900,000. Surplus, \$12,000,000.

The Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Collier's Tear off

Send me particulars about Travelers Insurance. My name, business address, age and occupation are written below.

28

Indian Summer

(Continued from page 25)

for a Third Avenue museum. It was hard work, and it kept him out in all sorts of weather, but he was getting a dollar and a half a day for it.

Before the week was over, however, Deering had to give up his work as a "ballyhoo." His wife brought me the news that he was down with the grip. He recovered in a week's time, but his throat kept troubling him, my emissary reported. It grew so bad, in fact, that she became alarmed and proceeded to take things in her own usually docile hands. This belated energy led to an operation on Deering's throat at a Bellevue clinic, where a small fibroid tumor was removed.

A week later she brought me the news of his recovery. But there was neither relief nor joy on her face as she told me of it. When I asked if I might go and see him, she hesitated, flushed, and said she would rather that I did not.

"But won't he look for work again?" I inquired. The torn-up studio about us, for it was my last day in the city, only added to the sorrow of the encounter and made the afternoon seem heavy with a vague sense of desolation.

"He can't, now," were her answering words. And in the cerulean baby-blue eyes were actual tears, the first I had ever seen there.

"Why not?" I sharply inquired.

"His voice is gone!" she huskily admitted.

And this proved, in a way, to be true. His voice, his speaking voice, was not completely lost. But from the standpoint of the stage it was a thing of the past. As an organ, as an instrument, it had parted with its power. The final blow had fallen. The seal of ultimate failure had been imposed on him.

"Could I come and see him before I sail?" I asked, exasperated by the knowledge there was no way in which I could actually help them. Money, I knew, they would not accept from me—and even the gift of that, as I could give it, would be merely a postponement of the inevitable.

"It wouldn't do any good!" was her response.

"But why can't I see him?" I demanded, and I tried to picture the broken man in his gloomy back room.

"He likes being alone now!" was the only answer she gave me.

IT was late in the second fall when I finally returned from abroad. I came back without that sense of exhilaration which should accompany the return to one's native country. And in some way I was able to blame the Deerings for it.

My very studio seemed shadowy with their somber figures. I had several times written to their old address, it is true, but no word had come back from them. And now, back between the walls on which they had left their memories, I was more than ever troubled as to their fate.

I made my way to their old rooming house, but could learn nothing about them. I made inquiries, but no one seemed to remember them. They were merely two small units in that tumultuous and ever-hurrying flood tide of city life which had been swept away and forgotten.

They were forgotten, but with me at least they had left a vague heritage of unrest, of discontent, of revolt.

It was this feeling of discontent, late in October, which drove me away from the studio and off on a sketching tour in the Jersey hills. The open air and the clear skies and the jocund coloring of that autumnal landscape brought my lost spirits back to me.

It was early one afternoon when I had set out my sketching box in a little amphitheater of hills aflame with scrub oak after a black frost. I had felt myself blissfully alone with my trees and skies and rocks, when the entire valley was filled with a sudden invasion tending to make one's back hair stand up.

For sweeping down from the far side of that placid parliament of hillocks I beheld a galloping and screaming band of half-naked Comanche Indians, sinister with war paint and emblazoned with feathers and suggestive of the wildest days of our wildest West.

The chieftain of that fleeing band, I saw, carried across his saddle pommel a slender-bodied white girl of about sixteen, a white girl on whose face I could plainly see protest and horror.

But I had no time to dwell on that startling and somewhat distressful figure, for tearing on after the fleeing Indians came a galloping, swarming, shouting band

of cowboys. And these cowboys, I perceived, kept discharging their huge six-shooters as they rode.

They were nothing more or less than a band of moving-picture actors going through their turns for a "Western" film. I had wandered into the realm of the "movies." I had caught a glimpse of "canned drama" in the making, as Deering had called it.

I tried to go on with my sketching. But it was useless. That little landscape of peace seemed as denuded of tranquillity as though a fire had swept through it from end to end. So I repacked my sketch box, folded up my stool, and moved on to the other side of the village whose spires showed over the next dip in the hills.

THERE I stumbled on a road vista that seemed to meander off into some misty second valley of romance. That road, with elms on one side and the raw color of a circus poster flaming along an old barn on the other, caught my eye and held me there. And there I painted myself back into a humor of contentment with life in general and Jersey roads in particular.

I was still joyously working on the mysterious soft tones of that meandering road, making the most of the slowly waning light, when I became conscious that a touring car had stopped somewhere close beside me and that I was being stared at by the occupants of that car.

My name must have been called out several times before I became actually aware that I was being addressed.

When I looked about I beheld an elderly man, with a shock of silvery white hair showing from beneath the rim of his sombrero, smiling down at me from the driving seat of the automobile. It puzzled me a little to see that he was clad in a jacket of stained and weather-worn buckskin adorned with much fringe and embellished with a well-weighted cartridge belt. The blue-eyed woman beside him was also clad in a much-fringed garment of buckskin, with a colored handkerchief knotted loosely about her plump throat, and a tip-tilted sombrero pinned back on her head.

These two extraordinarily clad figures would have startled me more, I suppose, if my thoughts had not gone promptly back to the morning's panorama of the film actors and their antics.

"He doesn't even know us!" cried the lady in buckskin, with a half-humorous wail.

I stood up and turned about at the sound of that voice, for there was something startlingly familiar in it. I stared at the benignant sunburned face of the man with the silvery hair showing under his sombrero.

"He doesn't know us!" echoed that benignant figure, with a gesture of mock indignation.

Yet I knew him the moment I saw the gesture. It was Richard Deering. And the woman in the cowboy suit beside him was his wife.

I STEPPED over to the running board of their car. I stepped slowly over to them, so wide-eyed and incredulous that they laughed together at my uncouth amazement. Equally startling to me was the easy light-heartedness of that laughter.

"It's the artillery he's afraid of!" crowed the jocund Deering. And in the tonneau of his car, for the first time, I saw the litter of carbines and blue-barreled six-shooters.

"What are you doing with this stuff?" I vaguely inquired as I reached up and shook hands with them. The movement on my part was abstracted and automatic. I could not coordinate things into anything approaching the rational. And the two of them seemed to be enjoying my obvious distress of mind.

"Oh, that's only a part of our equipment!" laughed Deering.

"Your what?" I demanded, blinking up into his wind-roughened and sun-darkened face.

"They're only some of our studio props," his wife explained. I could see the two of them exchange glances, like children with a happy secret between them. It was hard to comprehend. It was the last thing in the world I was prepared for.

"You're—you're not a moving-picture man?" I almost gasped, staring from the carbines to the oil-stained buckskin jacket. At the back of the car, I noticed, trotted a mouse-colored burro with a packsaddle on its back.

Deering seemed a little hurt by my incredulous inquiry.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name
in shoe



**It's not what you pay
but what you get.**

Every Florsheim Shoe is made from the choicest leather, hand fitted over "Natural Shape" lasts, and with authentic style, select materials and expert workmanship. The Florsheim Shoe gives greatest economy and satisfaction regardless of price.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price \$5.00

"Imperial" Quality \$6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
567 Adams Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Strength and beauty combined

Doubly reinforced where they go through the eyelets—the straining point. Wide flowing ends that tie into neat, handsome bows.

Nufashond
Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

Retain their lustre because they are all pure silk. And every pair is

guaranteed 3 months

Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe, dry-goods, and men's furnishing stores. 25 cents per pair—men's and women's, in black, tan, and white. Mailed on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't them. Write for booklet.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Dept. B, Reading, Pa.



See Foreign
America
First

**12 DAY \$60.00
VACATION CRUISE UP**

Berth and Meals Included (First Cabin)
To Halifax, Nova Scotia and St.
John's, Newfoundland, via
RED CROSS LINE

You cannot spend a more delightful and interesting summer vacation than by taking this grand cruise to the cool North. As truly foreign as a trip to Europe, and costing much less. The splendid, new, large tourist steamships "Stephano" and "Florizel," offer every modern equipment for safety and comfort. No hotel bills. You live on the ship. 7 days at sea. 5 days in port. Splendid cuisine. Orchestra.

Send for handsome Illustrated Catalog 23
BOWRING COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York

Indian Summer

(Concluded from page 28)

"D'you never go to see the movies?" he demanded.

I had to confess that I did not, though that morning, I somewhat maliciously added, they came to see me.

"Richard's been the character man for the Rudin Film Company for nearly a year now," interposed his wife, as though in dread I might say something to commit myself.

"A contract for fifty-two weeks in the year!" gloated the sun-bronzed Richard. "Nine-tenths of the work in the open air, the best equipped studio in all Jersey, and seven weeks off to California in the winter!" And the surreptitious squeeze that his buckskinned arm gave to the quiet-eyed woman at his side did not escape me. She glanced half-guiltily about, and chanced to see the burro placidly browsing on the hood lining of the car.

"Look at Beppino!" she cried. "He's eating our new car up!" And their duet of happy laughter as the great gaunt figure of the man in the buckskin jacket swung down from his driving seat and untethered the burro was good to hear. It seemed like the laughter of contented and happy children. Then Deering pointed up past the poster-covered barn. "You see that shack?" he called out. "Well, there's a dago up there who makes five dollars an afternoon renting us this donkey. He just fits into the Western set-ups. And now I've got to take him back to his home." He looked about as he swung the broken gate open. "He's like me, this old burro. He wasn't even worth burying, until the movies got him! And now they can bed him down with dollar bills!"

I sat down on the auto's running board and stared after the stalwart, leather-clad figure as it strode up the path with the burro at its heels. "How did it happen?" I asked as I heard through the mellow autumn air Deering's jovial chirrup to the donkey trotting behind him.

The woman in the car stared after the chirruping man and the mouse-colored burro.

"It was just after you went away," she said. "Everything seemed to be hopeless. I was going to a Brooklyn studio as a super in the mob scenes. Richard found out and came to take me away. The studios are like stages, you know, with scenery and back drops and all that, with a square of tape tacked down to mark where the action must take place—to get in the lens, you know. We were rehearsing, and Richard came right on the stage. He was like a crazy man. He stormed and railed at me, at everyone. I thought they'd arrest him!"

"Go on!" I prompted as she paused. "Something about him, as he stormed around there, caught the manager's eye. He took Richard to one side and talked to him. He told him he'd have to pay for a whole film he'd spoiled, or come and work it out."

I LOOKED up at the woman as she stopped again. From under the elms the low October sun shone across her celestial blue eyes and ruddied her round and childlike chin. She seemed, in that light, little more than a girl.

"So Richard had to come back and work it out. He pretended to hate it. But it was more like stage work than he'd imagined. And he knew more than the others, because he'd been a better actor. And when I saw him working in another set-up, I understood! He was liking it. Against his own will he was liking it. And his very faults, as an actor, were at last a help to him. Those gestures and things that seemed overdone in real drama were just what they wanted for film work. It didn't matter, either, that his voice wasn't strong. Voices aren't needed."

She stopped again, and, for some absurd reason, began to cry softly and contentedly. Then, as she caught sight of her husband striding back down the farm path, she hurriedly wiped her eyes.

"You must come along with us for dinner," she said, "or Richard will feel hurt."

"Along where?" I asked, still watching the approaching figure as it swung down toward us, bathed in that mellow evening light that turned everything to gold.

"Why, we've a little farm now, a mile the other side of the film studio. And a garden, my dear, and white Leghorns, and cherry blossoms every spring!" She lifted her head and emitted a happy little sigh. It's a new life for us, isn't it?"

"It sounds like Indian Summer," I said. "Yes, it's our Indian Summer," she echoed through her happy tears.



Bailey
Tread

Town Car
Tread

IF YOU ARE READY to select a new Tire Equipment it is worth while to do a bit of first hand investigating.

Read the claims that Tire Manufacturers may put forth for individual makes; then put aside for future reference special records, selected testimonials and broad statements. Find out from personal inquiry among many users what the actual every-day and present-day results are from any given make of tire.

Fisk Tires Two New for Every Rim Anti-Skid Tires

The FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE Tire is made in every style, to fit any rim. All Fisk Tires are identical in construction and quality. FISK PURE PARA TUBES have a lasting quality and superlative element of economy that cannot be found in any compounded tube.

Send for Description or our Two New Anti-Skid Treads—the Bailey Tread, that has more buttons than any other on the market, and the Fisk Town Car Tread, an effective tread with an attractively substantial appearance that speaks for its non-skidding qualities.

Legions Of Fisk Enthusiasts

We rest our case on the verdict of our customers—anywhere and everywhere—including thousands whose names we have never heard and will never know.

We do this because our records show that it is safe for us to take this stand.

It is the percentage of tires that the manufacturer never hears of after they leave the factory that determines the real strength or weakness of any product.

FISK SERVICE MEANS mileage, direct representation in all large cities, distribution through the most reliable dealers and an honest interest that every tire that leaves the Fisk factory shall give its maximum value to the purchaser.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Department P.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Direct Factory Branches in 35 Cities

Five Years Without a Puncture —Without One Blow-out —and Doubled Mileage from Your Tires

ESSENKAY is the substitute for air in tires that we have all been *waiting for, hoping for and almost praying for* since the automobile began.

It removes the one serious *bar* to the pleasures of automobil-ing. It cuts in half the *most serious item of expense*.

ESSENKAY means the end of tire troubles.

It means the end of punctures and blow-outs.

It means the end of the expensive Inner-Tube.

It means the saving of countless thousands of dollars in the buying of automobile casings.

It means decided reduction in the cost of automobile maintenance.

ESSENKAY is *revolutionary*, of course. It means a great change in existing conditions. For that reason you will probably receive this announcement skeptically. We *expect that* and are *prepared for it*. No big industrial problem has ever been solved—no big invention has ever been introduced without public ridicule and derision—at first.

Yet we have staked \$500,000 and our Business Future on the belief that Essenkay is the practical solution of the tire problem.

We Have No Stock to Sell

The men interested in the enterprise have a combined capital of Seven Million Dollars. They are *all successful business men*. And their deliberate investment of \$500,000, made after careful examination, is in itself proof that Essenkay is not of mushroom origin and *has unusual merit behind it*.

We have convinced *ourselves* that Essenkay is the solution of tire troubles. We have convinced everyone who has seen it and tested it. We are not *deceiving ourselves*. We are not *speculating or promoting*. We are acting on *indisputable proof* and feel confident that a great fortune awaits us. *For these reasons we have no stock to sell.*

We have convinced *Five Hundred Owners of Automobiles in Chicago* that Essenkay is the solution. We filled their tires with Essenkay and let them use it in their own way to their hearts' content. They subjected it to *every known test*. They applied acids and chemicals, heat and cold, in wet weather and dry. Chicago is a stubborn market and these people left nothing undone.

They used ESSENKAY on big cars and small cars, on light delivery wagons and great commercial trucks. Yet at the end of six months, one year, two years and five years they declared that ESSENKAY solves the tire problem for all sizes and all kinds of cars.

What 500 Owners Discovered

They used these cars in *all sorts of weather and over all sorts of roads*—cuppy roads, rutty roads and frozen roads—and they discovered these very important truths:

That ESSENKAY is as *resilient as air*. That it makes your car ride as *smoothly and softly* as pneumatic tires. That heat won't expand it. Cold won't contract it. Water won't affect it. It won't *crumble, harden, oxidize, run or rot*. It won't yield to chemicals or chemical action. It won't yield to the *elements*.

They learned that ESSENKAY doubles the life of automobile casings—that ESSENKAY does away with the inner-tube *altogether*—that they only have to buy *half as many casings* as formerly—that there is *no evident limit* to the life of ESSENKAY. It has been in use five years and has yet to show the slightest indication of wear and tear and disintegration. It can be removed from one casing to another without the slightest injury either to the casing or to itself.

If you want proof of what ESSENKAY has done for Chicago automobile owners write for our booklet of testimonial letters.

ESSENKAY is different from everything else heretofore put on the market. It is unique and original. It is different in principle. It hasn't a drop of rubber in it.

Be in a Receptive Mood

How many times have you said to yourself and your friends: "Some of these days some wise man will come along with a solution of the tire troubles, and when he does *he will make millions*"? Now that *he has come*, we hope you are in a *reasonable mood*. We hope you will take him at his word and investigate. We are writing this advertisement to announce what ESSENKAY has done. We are not trying to promote sales. For *you know—and we know*—that the sales will come fast enough once the merits of ESSENKAY become known.

If we can cut your tire expense *in half*, we believe you are going to find out *how*. If you will only have to buy one-half as many casings as heretofore, we have taken a serious burden from your pocketbook and *you are not going to dismiss the subject with a smile*. If you are totally relieved of the trouble, labor and annoyance that punctures and blow-outs cause, your interest in automobiles *will intensify*. And this announcement is written to tell you that ESSENKAY has already brought about *this revolution*.

Impetus to Automobile Business

We believe ESSENKAY will boom the automobile business this year *more than any other one thing*. It is going to *save thousands of dollars for the public* and make thousands of dollars for us.

Now we want you to write to us about ESSENKAY. Ask for our booklet which gives detailed information. If any question occurs to you, *ask it*. We'll answer your letter. You've got to come to ESSENKAY *so you might as well begin now*.

Meantime fill out the attached coupon and mail to us. Our booklet contains the very information you want and it is treated scientifically and in detail.

CAR OWNER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 22 Essenkay Bldg., 2122 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay."

Name _____

My car is a _____ Street and No. _____

Size of tires _____ City and State _____



THE ESSENKAY COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.
22 Essenkay Building 2122 Michigan Avenue

A Great Business Opportunity Enterprising Men Wanted To Supply the Public With ESSENKAY

The discovery of Essenkay and its practical application naturally creates a *splendid business opportunity* for enterprising men in all sections of the country.

We therefore invite *applications for territory* from *live business men* who realize the significance of the proposition.

This is by no means confined to automobile men or men in kindred pursuits. It is open to *all high-class men* who appreciate the value of handling a discovery that sooner or later must be used by *every man who owns an automobile*.

We want these men to come to Chicago and investigate Essenkay thoroughly before making any *definite proposition*. We want to see them. We want to know *who* and *what* they are. Territory will not be assigned to every man who asks for it. We reserve the right to *choose our distributors*.

We want buyers and users of Essenkay treated as *we* would treat them *here*. Hence our desire to *see* and *talk* with the men who handle the product.

It may be this sounds a little independent to you. And perhaps it *is*. But we know the importance of this discovery *better than anybody else* and we don't want any false starts made by anybody.

We have done wonders in Chicago and are already overwhelmed with orders. We have acquired fine quarters on Michigan Avenue and have done some advertising here. The result has far exceeded our expectations—and our expectations have never been small.

Applications Coming in Rapidly

Already we have applications from many localities. A considerable number of contracts have already been closed. *Big men are taking hold of it*. For example, one of them is a prominent business man and capitalist of Tennessee. We contracted with him for the entire state of Tennessee. We knew his standing and his methods. *He was fit to represent us*. He spent several days in Chicago going over the matter, interviewing owners of cars who have used Essenkay and riding in cars equipped with it. His visit *added amazingly to his enthusiasm*. He feels that Essenkay is the practical solution of the tire problem and predicts its *immediate and complete* adoption by the automobile public.

A Big Proposition for Big Men

We consider this a big proposition for big men. Its possibilities are *limitless* and it will not take a great deal of capital to swing it in your territory. From present indications, it is a *permanent thing*. It will be a long time, in our estimation, before anything better—or even as good—*can possibly be devised*.

We can't close contracts by wire. That is to say, we can't assign territory until we know precisely *who* we are dealing with. We will, however, respect telegrams for *short time options*, it being understood that those asking options are to appear at our Chicago office at the *specified time*. State your wishes clearly in your telegram and say just what day you will be in Chicago, so we can keep the appointment and conserve your time.

ESSENKAY in Operation

When you come here we will show you *Essenkay in operation*. We will make your investigation easy. We will give you the names of owners of automobiles *who have proved Essenkay* and let you hear *their story*. We will afford you every opportunity to satisfy yourselves that we have a magnificent thing and then you can be the judge whether you care to handle it or not.

We don't want this advertisement mistaken for a "hurry-up." It is *not so intended*. But Essenkay will be ready for the general market shortly and we want to be ready when the general demand comes. We want to be able to supply any man in any part of the country immediately he determines that he wants Essenkay in his tires. Hence the *necessity for speed in selecting agents* and getting them in readiness for the rush.

Something Worth Having

We want prospective agents to understand that this is what they have:

A perfect remedy for tire troubles. A perfect substitute for air. An invention that does away entirely with the inner-tube and doubles the mileage of casings. An invention that means the positive end of punctures and blow-outs with their attendant labor and annoyances.

This invention will be wanted by *every man who owns an automobile*. So that an agent's possibilities are limited only by the number of automobiles in his territory. Every new buyer of an automobile is a *new buyer for Essenkay*—another customer for you. And as long as the automobile flourishes so will Essenkay flourish.

We Do the Selling

We will create the demand for Essenkay and give our dealers the full benefit of our organization, advertising and enterprise.

A live business man will see in Essenkay a *virgin proposition*. He will recognize it instantly as the "long felt want" and he will know that the people will seize it eagerly just as soon as it is properly placed before them.

So, as soon as you read this advertisement and have fully grasped the opportunity, telegraph us for an appointment and take the train for Chicago. If you want to know more about the proposition before coming, fill out the attached coupon and mail it at once. It will be honored on arrival and the information will go to you by return mail.



THE ESSENKAY COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.
22 Essenkay Building 2122 Michigan Avenue

DEALER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 22 Essenkay Bldg., 2122 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please give full particulars regarding your AGENCY Proposition.

Name _____
Territory interested in _____ Street and No. _____
City and State _____
Estimated No. cars in territory _____



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"Stay-at-Homes"**
Keep Cool and
Comfortable in
**Loose Fitting
B. V. D.**

TRAVELING on train
or boat or just
between home and
office, any time, any

place, you are cool and comfortable in Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship, and long wear are assured and insured by

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

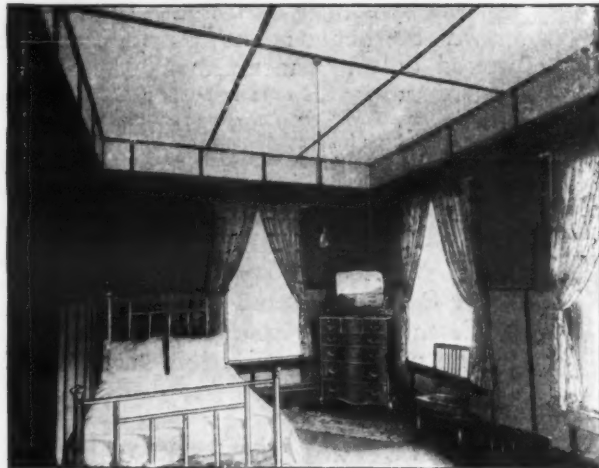


B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 30th, 1907) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the suit.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B. V. D. Company, New York

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**More
Attractive
Walls

Easier
Put On
and at
Less Cost**

We want every man and woman in this country who owns or rents a home to have a free sample of

Utility Wall Board

If you haven't had your sample, write for it today—ask for the Utility Book of home interiors.

Utility Wall Board is a tough fibre board put together with two insulations of natural waterproof asphalt—all rolled under tremendous pressure into one solid, compact sheet and surfaced on both sides with special moisture proofing. It is the only Wall Board made under this scientific moisture proof process.

It is very tough and durable—it will not crack or warp or shrink—and it has a beautiful surface for decorating or paneling.

Utility Wall Board takes the place of lath and plaster—it is attached directly to the studding—without any of the dirt or muss of plastering. You don't have to wait for it to dry—anyone can put it on, and it can be used not only in building the new house but in making over the old—Put it right over the old plaster if you want to.

It will last as long as the house stands—and it costs less than lath and plaster.

Don't fail to write for the sample and booklet

THE HEPPE'S COMPANY, 4509 Fillmore St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Professor

(Continued from page 19)



"I saw the skirt that put that in and I thought it was a joke"

By way of answer, Windle took Ivy by the arm and started to lead her across the street.

"Let's go to Siebert's place," he said. "We can talk better there. It's a dance hall. Do you know it?"

Ivy shook her head. "Is it respectable?" she asked.

"Respectable enough, and besides, it's just around the corner."

Ivy made a feeble effort to hold back, but Windle hurried her across the street.

"Won't they need you at the piano back there?" she asked.

"No, not for a while. The boys have some songs they can do without me."

IN a few minutes more they were at Siebert's, seated at a little table, shut off from the big dancing room by a lattice screen. Near them a woman was making love to a tipsy sailor, but otherwise they were quite alone. Beyond the screen a colored brass band was blaring out a waltz, and a hundred women from the district and as many of their men friends were moving slowly up and down the long smoke-befogged room in an exaggerated form of the Grizzly Bear.

"Well," Ivy asked, "why did you bring me here? You must have had a good reason, Eddie—a mighty good reason."

The Professor folded his arms before him on the table and looked the girl evenly in the eyes.

"Yes, Ivy," he said, speaking very slowly and very gently. "I think I have a good reason. I was talking to some of your girls last night at the Oriental, and they were telling me about you being promoted, and that you rehearsed pretty badly in the part, and that you got your rise through Paget, and that you didn't deserve it anyhow. It wasn't very nice talk, but, you see, they didn't know I knew you or that we'd grown up in the same town. You see, I say, they didn't know all about that, and so they talked pretty free."

Ivy gave a little toss to her chin, and, with angry, unseeing eyes, she stared at the bare wall across the room.

"So I'm anyone's little girlie now but yours. Is that it?"

The Professor nodded. "Yes," he said, "I guess that's about it. Leastwise, it was what those girls said or as much as said. That's why I wanted to see you to-night. Ivy, you never lied to me in the old days, never."

IVY turned back her blue eyes toward him, and he saw that all the fire and the resentment had gone out of them, and in their place there had come a look of infinite weariness.

"That's right, Eddie," she said, and she spoke quite calmly again, "that's right. I never lied to you and I never could. Not to you. It wouldn't somehow be right after all, you did for me at home and always so good to me and wanting me to marry you and all that. No, Eddie, I'm telling you the truth—the girls were wrong."

Windle suddenly tossed up his head and gave a sharp gasp of wonderful content. His face fairly shone with happiness now, and quickly putting out his hand, he took one of the girls in it and held it tightly. But for some reason that he could not for the moment understand, Ivy seemed to resent this and slowly wrenched her hand free. She looked out through the lattice screen at the crowd of dancers revolving slowly about the big hall, and then she looked back at Windle's questioning eyes and drew her thin pretty lips into a straight hard line.

When she spoke, her voice was quite colorless and apparently without feeling of any kind.

"I said," she began, "that the girls were wrong. I'll try to explain—"

The look of happiness had suddenly faded from the Professor's face.

"That's it," he interrupted her, "that's it. I wish you would explain. I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

Ivy's lips broke into a little wavering smile, but there was no smile in her eyes.

"It's not very difficult to understand. It ought to be pretty easy for a man like you who has been mixed up in theatrical business, who works in a back-room show. I've had a lot of men in love with me and some of them had money, too, but Stacy Paget is the one man I know who is in love with me and who happens to be in the position to give me the chance I want."

"Why, Ivy," Windle gasped, "you don't know what you're saying. You're crazy."

THE girl shook her head, and again her lips broke into the same mirthless smile.

"No, I'm not crazy. It's this way, Eddie. I've tried to get along and be decent, as—as you would have me. I've worked and I've worked and I've struggled to get out of the chorus, but I just couldn't do it. I saw girls getting ahead of me that didn't have half of my talent or half of my ambition, but they did have a man friend who cared enough and was in the position to give them a chance. What's the use!—you know this business. Stacy Paget is the first man of this kind that ever came my way and very probably he'll be the last, and I can't throw away the only chance I may ever get. I can't do it."

Ivy clasped her hands before her on the table and stared hard into Windle's frightened eyes.

"Can't you understand, Eddie," she begged. "Don't make it any harder for me than it is. Don't you suppose I've suffered, too? It's been no fun for me, believe me. Do you think I like to have these other women in the company point at me and talk about me as they talked about me to you last night? But I tell you, he gave me my chance. He's going to do a world of things for me in the future, and he's the only one that could or would."

The girl's manner suddenly changed to

A First Mortgage Railroad Bond

Netting 6%

This Railroad operates through a wealthy, thickly populated section of Texas forming a needed connection with five trunk lines. Its construction and equipment are thoroughly up-to-date. The stockholders have a large cash investment behind the bonds. The property has demonstrated its ability to readily earn the requirements of these bonds, and its earnings will be greatly increased upon completion of an extension now under construction. The ownership is in the hands of capable, wealthy men who control large profitable industries along the right-of-way. By reason of the ownership and strategical position of the railroad competition is practically eliminated.

Ask for Circular No. 762C.

**Peabody,
Houghteling & Co.**

(Established 1865)

105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

LEE TIRES



One truck user reports
6056 miles EACH ON 54 TIRES
(a total mileage of 327,007)
without puncture or single inner-tube replacement, with

LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires

You want such service. Write to-day for our booklet D explaining the unique steel-disc-in-rubber-cushion construction which makes it possible, without loss of resiliency. Or call at

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103 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
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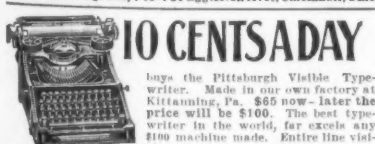
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Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save \$25 to \$35 monthly garage charge. Save \$50 to \$100 cost of building by ordering
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Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of \$92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 12 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Fireproof, weather-proof, indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.
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Owns the Pittsburgh Visible Type-writer. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.
To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail Your Free Offer."
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Seashore, Woods and Country. Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing. Cool breezes always.
Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free
Write ADVERTISING BUREAU, Room 794, South Station, Boston.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.

The Professor

(Continued from page 32)

one of great animation and eagerness, and she leaned far across the table. "And he'll do wonders for you, too, Eddie. I told you how he wanted you to go with the show and do your specialty."

Windle nodded gravely, and taking out a package of cigarettes from his coat pocket lighted one and blew clouds of smoke up at the ceiling, just as he did when he was at the piano at the Oriental. For a few moments there was silence and then the boy, for he was really only a boy, pushed his chair from the table and stood looking down at Ivy.

"You poor, lonely kid," he said, "I've got to look out for you somehow, if only for the sake of old times, but I don't know how to do it. That's the trouble, Ivy dear, I don't know just how to do it."

The girl smiled and sprang to her feet. "That's all right, Eddie," she laughed, "you'll have a talk with Paget, won't you? Promise me you will?"

"Yes," Windle said, "I'll have a talk with Paget. I'll promise you that."

IT was some time later that night at the Oriental, or rather during the early morning hours, when the manager had his first opportunity to speak to Windle alone. The Professor had finished singing and was sitting by himself at a table at the far end of the room when Paget joined him, and without any waste of time in preliminaries at once told him of his scheme to introduce the back-room scene in his musical comedy.

"I'd like to talk business with you," Windle said, "but I can't do it here. I'm tied up with these people, and if they thought I was going to jump them for a better job they'd make trouble. They're pretty tough folks to deal with. The boss is looking at us now."

Paget nodded. "All right," he said, "I'll meet you anywhere you say, but make it soon."

For a few moments the Professor remained silent, apparently thinking it over.

"The show ought to be finished in half an hour," he said at last. "If you could send your party home, I might meet you near here at my room. It's on a nice quiet street, two blocks south—just across the railroad tracks. The street has four rows of trees on it, and it's very broad. You can't miss it. When you reach the corner turn to your left. I'll meet you at my door."

"Aren't you making a good deal of mystery out of a little business talk?" Paget asked.

Windle leaned across the table. "You don't understand the kind of people I'm working for," he whispered. "You can take it or leave it. I'm not so keen about the job anyhow."

Paget shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I'll be there. I suppose it's safe down here for a man to walk the streets alone this time of night."

Windle smiled. "Safe," he repeated. "Why, the district is as safe at night as Broadway and Forty-second Street is at noon. Have you told the folks at your table about this?"

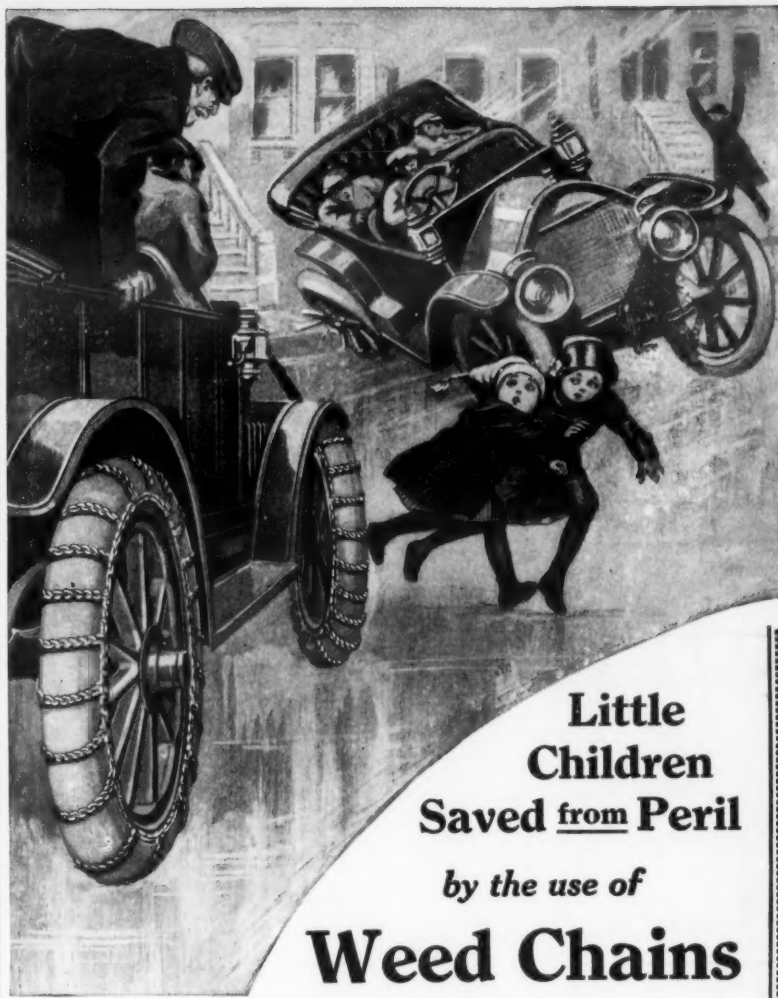
PAGET shook his head. "Only one of them."

"All right," Windle said. "Don't tell the others till I do my getaway. Actors are a gabby lot."

The crowd at the Oriental gradually dwindled away, and when the Professor closed the top of the piano with a conspicuous bang, all that remained of the audience straggled out of the hot, smoky room into the clear night air and the moonlit streets. Paget put his friends into a taxicab and then started to walk slowly to his meeting place with Windle.

The Professor left the Oriental by the barroom entrance, and, once clear of the place, started with long swinging strides toward his destination. By a circuitous route he reached the corner of the street with the four rows of trees some time before Paget, but in the distance he could see the bulky form of the manager coming slowly toward him. Then he hurried along the broad avenue until he had found an open vestibule that offered him ample protection for his purpose.

Save for the footfalls of the approaching Paget it was quite silent now, for the denizens of the district had gone to their beds after the long night of debauch. It was almost as light as day—every crack in the broad, stone pavements and every twig of the spreading trees stood out in bold, black relief against the pure white moonlight. Paget glanced up at the gray



Little Children Saved from Peril

by the use of

Weed Chains

**A Frightful Catastrophe Narrowly Averted!
An Everyday Peril!
Has it Ever Confronted You?**

Unquestionably, prudence on the part of the driver of the East-bound automobile, in fully equipping his car with Weed Chains, saved the lives of the Little Ones. Neglect and indifference by the other driver resulted in a smashed wheel—a serious wrench and much expense.

The greatest dangers that confront the motorist are the unforeseen and unexpected. If everything were to go along as planned and anticipated, motoring would be a constant pleasure. When the roads are muddy, icy or treacherous; when the pavements are slippery, greasy and uncertain; when the little ones "dodge out" in front of you without warning; when the driver of the other car carelessly and recklessly comes around a corner at breakneck speed, or does some equally foolish daredevil thing (just as they are doing all the time) then you must be prepared.

Foolish dependence on rubber alone may make you liable for criminal negligence. Avoid danger, avoid accidents by fully equipping your car with

Weed ANTI-SKID Chains

Cannot Injure Tires Because "They Creep"

An absolute necessity on both rear wheels, and if you want to know what real steering steadiness means put them **on the front wheels, too.**

Easily put on, attached in a moment without the use of a jack or other tool—occupy very little space when not in use.

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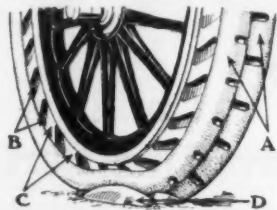
Madam— Punctured Tires on Electric Cars Are Utter Folly

How utterly foolish to pay two to five thousand dollars for an electric pleasure car, equipped with pneumatic tires, and thus be constantly annoyed by punctures and blow-outs!

Surely you do not realize that there is now a tire to which punctures, rim-cuts and blow-outs are unknown.

And that this tire, unlike solid or truck tires, will make your car just as easy-riding as any properly-inflated pneumatic tire.

This remarkable tire is the *Motz Cushion Tire*, now used by thousands of owners of pleasure electrics.



Pneumatic resiliency is accomplished by means of double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret processed rubber.

A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle (from actual photographs).

Twenty-two electric car makers are equipping their cars with Motz Cushion Tires (even though it costs them more) just to give you an easy-riding car with trouble-proof tires.

Note, too, the economy of these tires. They never need repairs. And they are guaranteed, in writing, for 10,000 miles—two years. Few pneumatics give 3,000 miles service, no matter how well they are cared for.

For Motz Cushion Tires fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

When you buy your electric see that you get Motz Cushion Tires. And henceforth, at all times, whenever you buy tires, let them be those that are free from all tire troubles and yet easy-riding.

Send us your name and we will mail you the latest Motz booklet 89, together with letters from owners of pleasure electrics equipped with Motz Cushion Tires. Please mention make and model of your car.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.
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The Small Game Rifle That's Big Enough For Deer

New Model 27
.25—20 or .32—20 calibres

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REPEATER

Price
\$15.00



RABBIT, wood-chuck, hawk, fox, wolf and deer fall ready prey to its high-velocity smokeless or black and low pressure smokeless loads.

For target work it is unexcelled.

Built with famous Trombone Action and Smokeless Steel Barrel unobtainable in any other rifle of its calibre. Its solid top and side-ejection protect shooter's face and eyes, and prevent dirt from entering action.

The desirable take-down construction and Ivory Bead sight cost extra in other .25—20 and .32—20 rifles.

You pay nothing additional for these in the Marlin. See this hard-hitting, accurate shooting, perfectly-balanced rifle at your dealer's today.

Send 3c postage for new catalog showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.
The Marlin Firearms Co. 17 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

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If your dealer does not sell Harris Oils, send 50 cents (1 gal.) or \$5.75 (5 gal.) and we will ship same prepaid.

A. W. Harris Oil Company
126 South Water St., PROVIDENCE, R. I. 141 No. Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Professor

(Concluded from page 33)

and pink plaster dwellings, with their closed shutters and rusted iron balconies and overhanging roofs. To the manager every house looked gloomy and foreboding; the whole scene seemed somehow fraught with mystery and to portend disaster, and he keenly regretted that he had ever come. But now he was almost at his destination, and at the sight of the broad street, with its four rows of spreading trees, he hurried on to find Windle. Hidden in the doorway, the Professor crouched and waited, listening to the oncoming footsteps, which now rang out through the clear night air with an almost metallic distinctness. The dark vestibule had suddenly become very close and the Professor's brow dripped with great beads of perspiration. With one hand he took off his felt hat and threw it sharply from him, while the fingers of the other gripped more tightly a long, bone-handled pocket-knife. The steps were almost opposite the doorway now, and in the brilliant moonlight the Professor could see the eyes of Paget peering nervously into the shadows of the vestibule. And then a long, lean

body hurled itself from the darkened doorway into the searching white light of the street and the blade of a knife whipped through the still air. Three times it flashed and fell.

On the following Monday night "The Maid of Mirth" played at Montgomery, but Ivy Hettler was no longer the sous-brette of the company. The manager who had succeeded Stacy Paget did not like her in the part and hence recalled the girl who had originally played it, and put Ivy back in the chorus. The same Monday night found the Professor on one of those antiquated and lawless side-wheel show boats which still work up and down the river, stopping every evening at a different town and giving a vaudeville performance simply as a subterfuge to sell rum to the colored people and the poor white trash. On four occasions during the evening the Professor sang his sentimental ballads. But for the remainder of the time he lay on his back in the shadow of the deck house staring up at the purple sky and blowing rings of cigarette smoke at a crystal star.

The Actor in the Audience

(Continued from page 21)

but demanding with justified confidence: "Well, how was it? Was I onto my job?"

*I have sung for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But none but you can tell me if it's true.*

Doubtless the success of a first night, promising prosperity and place, is a proud thing. But at the professional matinee, before those critics on the hearth, the actor's heart within him burns with the pride which, for an instant, forgets even place and prosperity in knowing that home his footsteps he hath turned, from wandering on a foreign strand, if only their acclaim cries out indorsingly to him: "This is your own, your native land!"

FROM so much then, when he is in the audience, of the actor's deportment, is there not deducible much of his psychology—the specialty of his point of view?

His specialty, in fact, is the riding of two horses. The actress made hysterical by "The Third Degree" and thinking that the acting was so good she mustn't spoil it, is a clear instance of his divided mind. And, of course, it is the technical side which is peculiarly his and which affords him, after all, the keenest thrills, the most fervent excitement. For, however the actor in the audience may be played upon by the charm and personality of the actor on the stage, or by the story of his fortunes, he is really watching his course through the play as he might watch a pilot taking a boat through sunken reefs, or a steeplechaser lifting his mount before the jumps. You can't expect the excitement of a mere tale to outdo such excitement as that. Thus, though it is the delight of the audience that an actress sheds real tears, it is the pride of the actor that she doesn't; for if they were real, anybody could shed them. The public is fascinated by what happens to the actor outside of his acting; it loves him just to burst right out laughing at any accident (so natural of him!), or bite his lip over the speech which must remind him of his dead child. But among a hundred dangers, all possible triumphs, among a hundred triumphs, all carrying, if missed, the most ludicrous dangers, the actor watches the actor steer his course with certain gestures, bring down his game with an inflection, just as the rapid fingers of the pianist must strike certain notes and no other note. And when the tune is played, side by side with his sorrow for Hamlet or his joy in Harlequin, the thrill and exultation of the moment for the actor in the audience is the thrill and exultation that bears witness: "He certainly did pull that off!"

That is the meaning of those quick out-rushes of applause, as at a peril past and a fight won after such a richly profitable snare, as, for instance, the third act of "Bought and Paid For." The public is roused by the emotions of the scene, and so, of course, is the actor; but much more by the difficulties of the scene and their surmounting—he is elated, not so much that the winner has won as that he put up such a splendid fight.

And so, of course, the terms of the fight are very clear in his mind. When a company of metropolitan actors comes on the stage, shouting and yelling, even across a tea table, and then the temperamental foreign star trails Oriental forward and doesn't speak above a breath, he does not feel that the dear creature's quiet, poetic refinement must suffer from her noisy associates. Well does he know that the quiet of the star intends to call attention to itself by a contrasting background and that the member of that company who is not noisy will lose his job. He sees when an actor, at his telling moment, is imprisoned in a corner behind a piece of furniture; when he is made to turn his face from the audience and talk upstage, and when his applause is cut by some one answering before the last word is out of his mouth. Also, when some one moves on some one else's exit, or coughs during another's long speech, or stoops for a cloak that has been dropped just as a point is being made, the actor in the audience is highly aware that it is not a series of accidents against which the actor on the stage is struggling. And, alone, apparently, amid the world, he knows, at least roughly, the difference between the regular business of the play and personal initiative; when the stage manager has helped and when he has hindered; and that when a gentleman hits a lady in the big scene, he does it—unless he is a very great gentleman, indeed—because he has been told to do it, and not as an extra flourish for good measure, making many people feel that he needn't have been so rough.

ON the other hand, the actor knows the difference between a good part and a bad one, and that it is no very difficult business for Mrs. Tanqueray to win sympathy nor Topsy to get laughs. Nothing exasperates him more than the people next to him who take a "fat" bit with a striking make-up—say, the Gravedigger in "Hamlet"—for a poor part, because it is short; and are delighted at their own perspicacity in picking it out. Unless it be the other people, who, because they cannot see the strokes in the finished portrait of a colorless character, never consider it really a piece of painting. An actor took a young friend of his—a cultivated, discerning friend of the sympathetic sex—to a comedy in which the thankless leading part of a merely well-bred and pleasant-spoken person was very lightly and securely done by a man without much experience. The actor turned to the young lady for an emphasis on his encomiums, and she replied: "Yes, he's charming enough; but what else could he be? There's no other way for him to do it. He does just what any young man would do in those situations."

The actor sits among these criticisms and swallows to its bitterest drop the knowledge that the more faithfully he portrays anything which is not strikingly characterized, the less will he be supposed to portray at all. He sees a young man come on the stage as a reporter and go off again without doing anything remarkable—merely having admirably blended a hundred little strokes. But what has the audience seen? It has seen another re-



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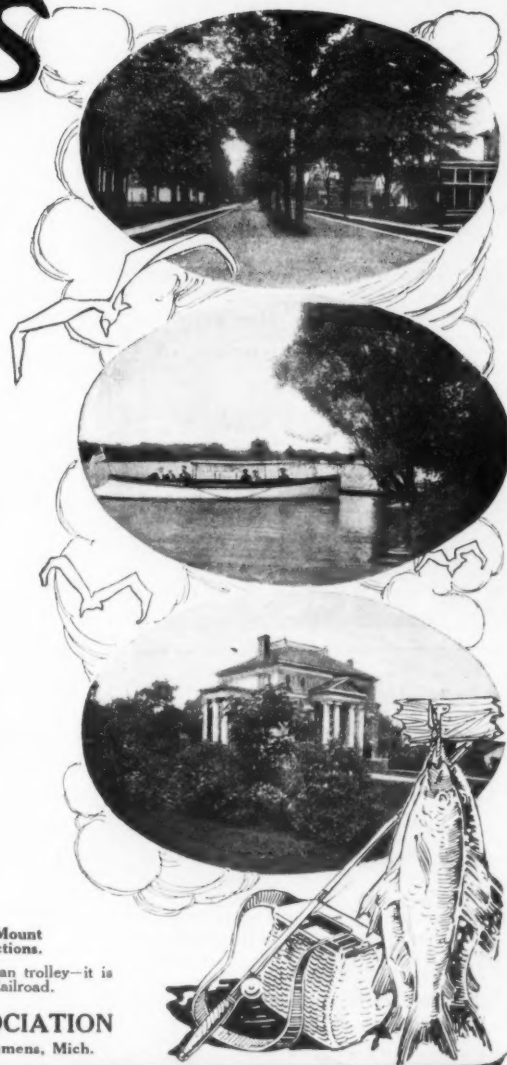
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In the Audience

(Concluded from page 34)

porter. Nothing very exciting in that. And these things do not depress him as they ought to do. They only insulate him. They make him aware that he is, after all, a part of something. And that he and that something are extraordinarily dependent upon each other.

Thus it is that sometimes—no matter how much he likes to talk about gold-brick actors and wishing he had gone into the grocery business; nor yet how he warns others against joining a profession, which is his only reason for being in the ladies' journals; no matter how jealous or complacent, dull or sensitive, cynical or provincial he may be, or hard to please—yet, surely, sometimes an actor comes upon a performance which touches to the quick his professional consciousness. Sometimes it is a production popular and honored, with every detail polished, and rich, in every confident movement, with all that brains and money, cultivation and time and care and fostering can do for art. Sometimes—and, perhaps, rather oftener—in a theatre gloomy with failure and chill with emptiness, he sees some actors come into the obscure light which, even on Broadway, lowers down upon the unsuccessful; he beholds them fashion there—by means of scant material, or good material scantily equipped and hastily produced; with minute care, with tenderness and exactness and the outpouring of all the vitality they have—the face of that thing, however changed, however sophisticated, which the actor in the audience saw when he was a boy and for which he went upon the stage. He sees it survive there, amid the dangers of neglect, amid the dangers of applause, so little really seen, though under a thousand lights, but firm on its own feet.

And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

Harvard University

(Continued from page 14)

individual and turn of necessity to some outward manifestation of undergraduate organization to bring themselves into notice. If they have a startling supremacy in some form of athletics (which, whatever may be urged against it for over-acculturation, at least serves as a democratic leaven), and are sufficiently domesticated for social purposes, they may make the Institute, the Pudding, and in exceptional cases the newer exclusive clubs.

If their talent is sufficient to achieve some recognition along literary, musical or dramatic lines or a later athletic prominence they will make the Pudding, which may be described as the passing mark in the social examination. The result here is the immediate acceptance of the undergraduate standard as the one aim to be frantically sought at whatever sacrifice of the curriculum. The race for such success, while lacking the fury that is characteristic of the Yale system, is still marked and increasing in intensity.

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Harvard University

(Concluded from page 36)

in one wing and the large hall is the scene of all mass meetings.

As an institution it deserves the greatest commendation; it recognizes the problem of the outsider, as neither Yale nor Princeton recognizes it; it gives him a social roof and gives him at least an external acquaintance with the life of the university. Unfortunately it does not bring him into association with men in different spheres of life. While members of the inner social system join the Union from a sense of obligation, their attendance is not familiar, though usually the Union selects its leaders from the social group in a vain attempt at amalgamation. The Union is too large, the small clubs too attractive, and the divisional spirit of Yard and Gold Coast too acute to make it a real meeting ground for all groups—whatever the future may have in store.

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BY far the largest group at Harvard is made up of those who arrive from preparatory schools with crowds ranging from half a dozen to a score or more. Their experience is typical. Freshman year passes almost unconscious of outer forces, with the group division held together by school traditions. Sophomore year has hardly begun than they are suddenly aware that a new force has arrived—the selective hand of the class ahead. Certain members of the group begin to break away, to be seen less often in the common meeting grounds, to disappear from the school table and finally in the necessity of concentrated application to a social ambition to be completely divorced from the old associations. Those that are discarded begin to put questions to themselves, to suddenly realize that college is not a continuation of the free democracy of school, but an opportunity for social advancement. When the desertion is absolute and flagrant as is usually the case, they shrug their shoulders with a little scorn and a new feeling of resentment and antagonism replaces an illusion that is gone. This is the class that in every college feels the weight of the system. Instead of having met the elect, in sympathy and genuine mutual respect, this great third estate goes out into the world already instinctively suspicious of and antagonistic to the social classes, and this at a time when national problems are becoming increasingly economic and internal.

In Senior year it is true at Harvard the chosen are now returning with a sentimental enthusiasm to the Yard, to mingle in close contact with them from whom they have persistently kept aloof. The movement is an excellent beginning. But if there is any value to be found in democratic association and larger understanding of men, why confine it to Senior year—why not make it the moving principle of the college?



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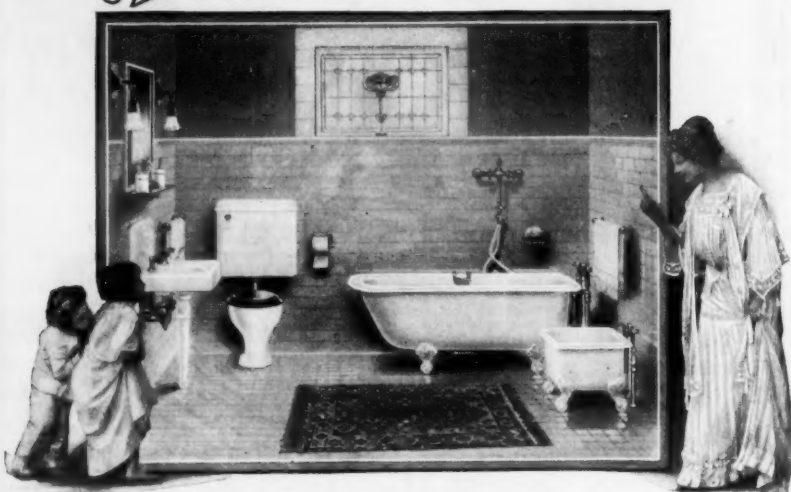
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By
EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

THE mission of the historian is to read the lesson of the past in order to teach the present how to shape the future.

¶ Hitherto we have been inclined to regard man as a purely individual being, possessed of a distinct existence apart from the group to which he belongs for the sake of expedience merely. It is just dawning on us, however, that, innately and inevitably, he is as much a social as an individual being, and that these two sides of his nature are inseparably intertwined.

¶ The halfway point on the road to the millennium will have been reached when we see that the state is at once something more than something less than the sum of its constituent units.

¶ In moments of great stress the social organism tends to disintegrate into its component parts. But nothing has a more solidifying effect than a successful resistance of that tendency.

¶ The course of the entire universe, including the human race, runs from a simple and desultory organization toward one that is increasingly complex and comprehensive.

¶ Whenever a majority of the people learn to think for themselves, government must give way to self-government.

¶ All Utopias lack perspective. Their pictures are laid in a single plane, although one detail may be a thousand years away and another one on the eve of materialization. They present the future as the naked eye sees the firmament at night, when stars parted by millions of miles appear side by side and equally brilliant.

¶ Millenniums cannot be imported ready-made. They have to be built up at home, day by day and stone by stone.

¶ Fate mocks us often by bringing forth progress in spite of our efforts rather than because of them.

¶ Every living social form marks a compromise between the ideals we have outgrown and those we have not yet grown up to.

¶ Social reformers need not scorn to ameliorate the sufferings they are preparing to abolish.

¶ Political party programs are supplementary briefs in the ever-pending case of Palliative vs. Panacea.

¶ The road of progress is paved with human bodies. If we could find some other material, conservatism might become extinct.

¶ No reform comes to stay until its necessity has been recognized by woman.

¶ Impulse and resistance are equally essential to progress. So don't curse the fellow on the other side—he is helping along in his own way.

¶ Man's inherent conservatism finds its most forcible expression in revolutions, which are mostly protests against changes not approved by the mass of the people.

¶ The world's progress is achieved rather by those who advance with reluctant determination than by those who press onward with heedless impetuosity.

¶ Through four thousand years of recorded history resounds the cry of man that the world is standing still. And yet she has been moving all the time.

¶ On one side, the deprecations of the extreme individualist who will not admit that he is watching a natural process of development; on the other, the denunciations of the radical Socialist who does not understand that natural processes are gradual and not to be hurried by man; between them, and all around them, the tramp-tramp-tramp of marching humanity!

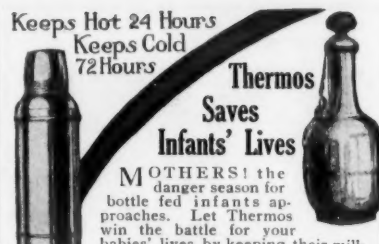
¶ Both foes and followers of the red flag might keep in mind that the color of blood and fire is also that of love.

¶ The logical outgrowth of uncompromising economical individualism is philosophical anarchism, which, when applied, often leads to an anarchism of the most unphilosophical kind.

¶ Anarchism is the atheism of politics.

¶ Mankind is always in a state of readjustment. Seldom, however, has the agony of that process been so acute as it is now.

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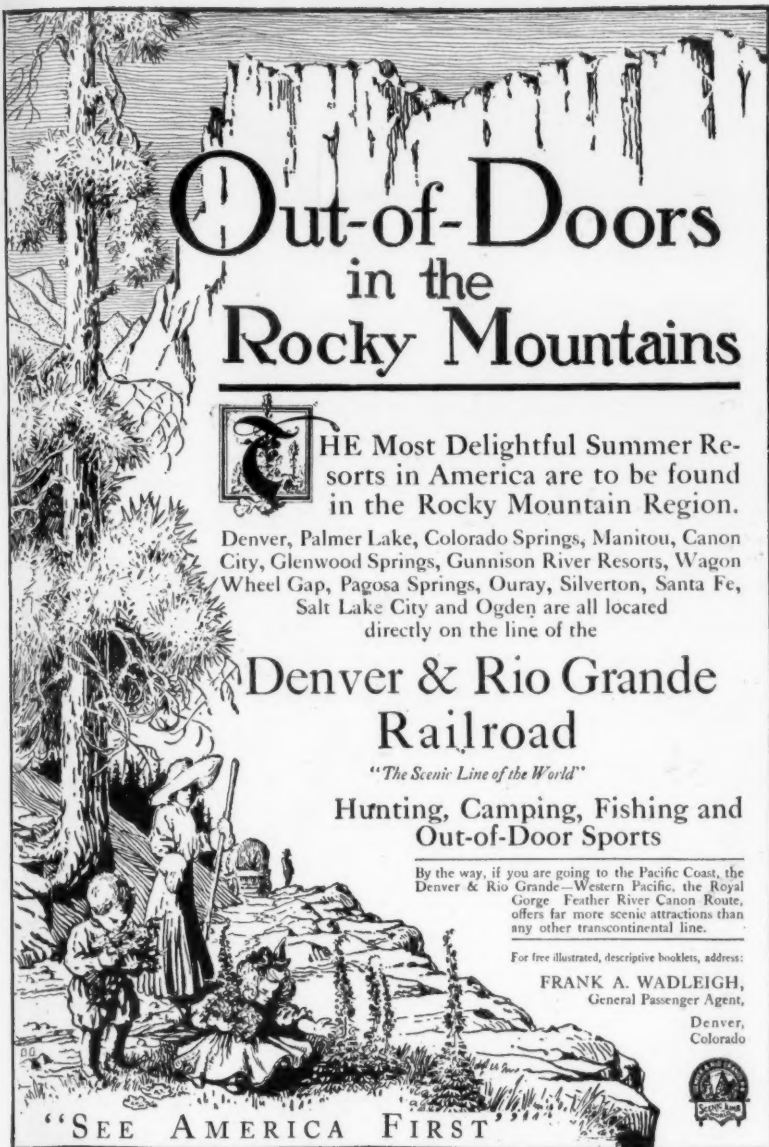
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